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Sport, Pastimes & Travel.

The BYSTANDER.

Art, Literature & the Drama.

No. 271.—Vol. XXI. [Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.] Wednesday, February 10, 1909 [Price 6d. By Post, 6½d.

Photo *Rita Martin*

A SOCIETY BEAUTY FOR THE MUSICAL COMEDY STAGE

Mrs. McLachlan, née Miss Heseltine, who is gifted with a fine voice and much beauty, is well known in London Society, and is shortly to appear on the musical comedy stage in a leading part

No. 271—Vol. XXI.

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RACING NOTIONS. By CARBINE. GAMES AND PASTIMES

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"The Story of Virginia Perfect." By Peggy Webling. (Methuen: 6*s.*)
"The Epic of London." By Rowbotham. (Gibbings: 3*s.* 6*d.* net.)
"A Crime on Canvas." By F. M. White. (Ward, Lock: 6*s.*)
"The New Andromeda." By Carlton Dawe. (Eveleigh Nash: 6*s.*)
"Reminiscences of an Old Sportsman." By W. B. Woodgate. (Eveleigh Nash: 15*s.* net.)
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"Hungary of To-Day." Edited by P. Alden, M.P. (Eveleigh Nash: 7*s.* 6*d.* net.)
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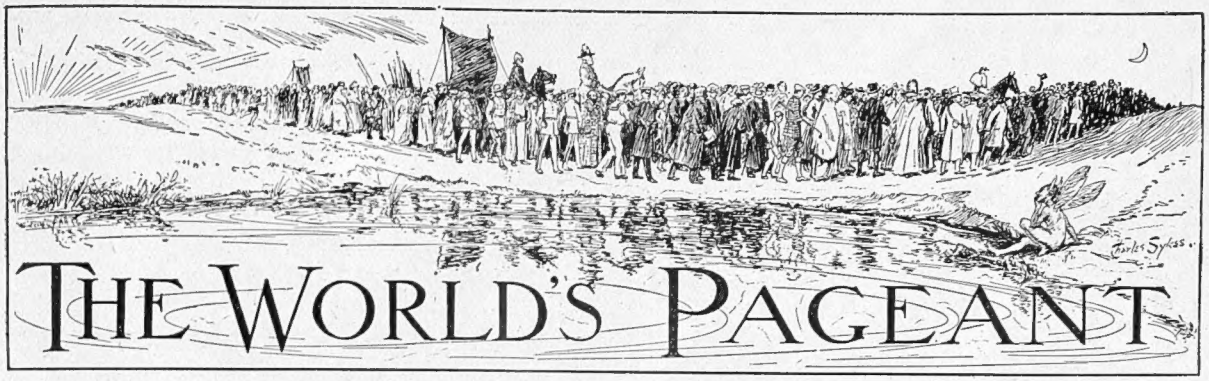


THE WORLD'S PAGEANT

Ironies of the Berlin Visit

Just at the moment when the nation is seriously discussing the laying waste of its homes by an unexpected invasion, the monarch of these isles is engaged in paying a friendly visit to the head of the State which we suspect of secretly planning our sudden destruction. As an additional fillip to friendly conversations, the Cabinet is, with a view to counteracting the intentions of that same monarch, busy devising a large increase in its naval programme. The usual people are expressing the usual hope that the Berlin visit will lead to an improvement in the relations of the two Powers. The only possible way, however, in which this could be effected would be if the two monarchs were to avoid all political conversations whatever, and to confine their intercourse to pleasant talks about the weather, the opera, and family gossip, venturing also, perhaps, to exchange a few ideas on the subject of uniforms and such things. The visit is to be commendably short. It is, in fact, little more than a "buzz round." Their Majesties arrived yesterday (Tuesday) morning; they will leave on the following Friday. The programme consists of a dinner or two, a drive or two, a little sight-seeing, an opera performance, and nothing much more.

Photo *Hamilton*

A Prominent Man of the Week

The Right Hon. Sir Edward Goschen, British Ambassador in Berlin, upon whom devolve this week responsible duties in connection with the visit of the King and Queen. His Majesty lunches at the British Embassy to-day (Wednesday)

* * *

Where to Look for "Results"

If any good results are to accrue from the visit, they are more likely to follow conversations between the tactful and affable Lord Crewe and Prince Buelow, upon whom now rests the entire responsibility for political transactions, than from talks between the two monarchs themselves, whose point of view, for all their personal regard for each other, is so essentially different. If the two statesmen succeed in pleasing each other, then the world may be hopeful of peace, at least for a while.

The King and Queen Abroad

Their Majesties will visit Berlin without one of their pleasantest travelling companions, the Princess Victoria, who, has, unfortunately, been disabled by the influenza which has been molesting Sandringham of late. In the German Court circle the Queen will meet, for the first time, her great-niece on her father's side, Princess Alexandra Victoria, *née* a Schleswig-Holstein, but now wife of the Kaiser's fourth son, and will also be introduced to the fascinating Crown Princess, daughter of the Grand Duchess Anastasia of Mecklenberg, and niece of her own and the King's friend, the Grand Duke Michael of Russia.

* * *

New Developments

There have been many changes in the capital of late, and thus Berlin, with all its new sumptuousness, will be something of a revelation to the King and Queen. Money there is spent far more freely nowadays than in Paris, and more frocks are ordered for Berlinerins in Paris than for any women, not excepting the New Yorkers. As to jewels, fortunes are spent on them, and the numbers of pearls bought in the last few months is scarcely credible. By the way, Sir Charles Wyndham, who was in Berlin again the other day, ventured the opinion that Berlin would soon be *the* capital of Europe; and as to the women, formerly so plain, he said they had now "acquired a status," and were gaining in beauty and importance with each year. This I cordially endorse. A walk through the Friedrichstrasse, or among the shoppers in the Leipzigerstrasse, will reveal as many pretty faces as a similar stroll anywhere else in Europe. If the Prussian type is not pleasing, Berlin is now so largely the resort of families from other parts of the Empire, where the standard of looks is appreciably high, that it is almost a city of pretty women.

People We Are Thinking About

Photo *Whitlock*

The Successor to an Unenviable Office

Mr. Justice Bigham, the new President of the Divorce Court—an office resigned by Sir Gorell Barnes out of, it is said, sheer weariness

Judicious Judicial Shufflings

Sir Gorell Barnes has followed the excellent lead of the late Lord St. Helier and accepted a peerage at the end of his period of service. If ever this honour was fairly earned in the public service, the President of the Divorce Division is entitled to it, for he has to submit to a thousand sordid trials and dull details. Sir Gorell has been a Judge for more than fifteen years, and quite repudiates the idea that his transfer is due to ill-health. There is, it is whispered, more in it than meets the eye at present, and we are to learn what we shall learn about it, as about certain other mysterious "promotions" recently made by the Government. Why, for instance, the removal from Ministerial office of that trenchant Scots Radical, Mr. T. Shaw, K.C.? Is it that he is too trenchant, too Scots, and too Radical for the Asquith taste?

* * *

The New Divorce Judge

Mr. Justice Bigham, who takes Sir Gorell's place, has played many parts with vigour and success, and may be remembered—out of his ordinary way of life—as an examiner of some of the witnesses before the South African Committee in the far-off days when people were more interested in that land of various losses.

* * *

A Mot of the Moment

The promotion of Mr. J. A. Hamilton, K.C., to the Bench puts yet another fellow-collegian of Mr. Asquith's into office—Archbishop Lang having been the last. "The country," commented, at the Club the other day, an infuriated Magdalen man who has long lacked recognition at the hands of Liberalism, "bids fair to degenerate into a Ballioligarchy."

* * *

When Will Mr. Churchill Succumb?

Mr. Churchill has again been pestered by Suffragettes, and the good Newcastle merchants were furious at interruption of a speech purely on Trade by the President of the Board thereof, with irrelevant references to "Votes for Women." Bless the mercantile heart! As if

Photo *Illustrations Bureau*

Mr. Churchill's Way With the Ladies—Who Are Not Suffragettes

He has quite a pleasant little chat with a charming Novocastrian during his recent visit to the Tyne, which was made exciting by the pursuit of the usual Suffragettes

to Suffragettes irrelevance were not the first law of interruption. Did they not similarly interrupt Sir Edward Grey in the very midst of the word Herzegovina; and Mr. Asquith while he was saying "constitutional prerogative"? And so they will go on until Mr Churchill and his more intimate Cabinet colleagues decide, at last, to add to the rest of their demagogueries an acceptance of the Suffrage. Really it is difficult to know why a Government which is able to promise everything else without any special regard to the need of performance should persist in refusing the women. Every little will surely help when the Dissolution does come on.

* * *

Artistic Mysteries

An affair like that of Miss Charlesworth has made us wondrous cynical. When, for instance, I read of the disappearance of a young lady pianist, Mme. Leginska, just in the midst of a series of recitals, I felt much less alarmed than I should have felt had there never been a Violet. The base thought would occur to me that, soon, Mme. Leginska would turn up again, amid many a paragraph, and that on her resuming her interrupted recitals, her audiences would be so appreciably larger as to compensate for her little mishap. Looking back o'er the history of recent music, one is bound to realise that a little misfortune is invariably paid for with interest if due publicity be secured.

* * *

Other Recent Examples

For instance, Signor Caruso's little trouble with the New York police; Herr Kubelik's fate in becoming the father of twins; Herr Mark Hambourg's sensational kidnapping by masked Nihilists bent on securing from him a concerto or his life—no one of these episodes proved, in the long run, altogether detrimental to their victims' popularity and prosperity. May one, then, expect that Mme. Leginska, when in time she reappears, will not be less appreciated for her artistic gifts than she has been hitherto? Will not her name, in fact, serve to fill any moderate-sized hall for at least one season, to the great advantage of herself and her fond relatives?

Photo *Illustrations Bureau*

Will She Soon Come Back Again?

Mme. Leginska, the young pianist, whose mysterious disappearance has excited attention and concern

The Viceregal Wedding

FIRST PHOTOGRAPHS FROM CALCUTTA

(1) Lady Minto and Lady Lansdowne Driving to the Cathedral

(2) The Bride and Bridegroom, photographed after the Ceremony

(3) The Viceroy and the Bride Leaving Government House for the Cathedral

The ceremonies of the great Viceregal wedding in Calcutta were splendid from beginning to end. The bride's wedding dress was of ivory satin, and the ornaments of pearl and silver, crystals and diamonds

Photos *Bourne and Shephard*

Play-Acting for Philanthropy

Dublin Days

Before the season has time to begin in London their Excellencies of Dublin will be in the full tide of their State functions and social entertainments. Lord and Lady Aberdeen, their family, and the Viceregal set all enter upon these affairs in no half-hearted spirit, and the ball, and balls, are kept rolling after a fashion which delights the gay and lively and lovely women of social Ireland. Dublin itself is so charming, in its eighteenth-century Georgian way, that it is a pity more people from the outside world do not enjoy the season there. But that would, perhaps, rob the critics of the Castle and all things connected with it of a grievance—and where is the Irishman who can submit to such deprivation as that?

The Latest Engagement

The announcement of the forthcoming marriage between Lord Douro, eldest son of the Duke and Duchess of Wellington, and Miss Maud Coats, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George Coats, of Glentana, gave no surprise to their friends last week. It is an engagement, so to speak, which has been long on the *tapis*. Lord Douro was, for some time, a popular man in the regiment in which his distinguished father had served before him—the Grenadier Guards. He is an all-round good sportsman and crack shot. Miss Coats is well known in London, and has passed pleasant days at 11, Hill Street, since her parents bought that house of the late Mr. Ansell. That Miss Coats is a very considerable heiress goes without saying, and also that the Wellington family is delighted at the match.

Lady Alington

Who has promised to appear in the Screen Scene from *The School for Scandal*, at the Royal Ear Hospital matinée at the Queen's Theatre, on February 18. She was recently his Majesty's hostess at Crichel

The Hon. Mrs. Edward Stonor

Who will also play at the same matinée—her first appearance on the stage—in a duologue entitled *The Impertinence of the Creature*, by Mr. Cosmo Gordon Lennox

IN PHILANTHROPY'S CAUSE: TWO DISTINGUISHED AMATEURS TO APPEAR AT THE QUEEN'S THEATRE

The Irish Irish!

Many times there have been attempts to abolish the Dublin Court, and if caustic wit could have harmed the institution it would lie low indeed. But, as a matter of fact, it flourishes fairly well. In a way it points to the Nationalist claims of the Irish, and there are many cheery, pleasant, discontented people who like to make a noise about it, and that keeps them quiet, so to speak. And then, again, the personal element is the great thing in Ireland, and when the Castle is held by such kind, sincere, and energetic hosts as Lord and Lady Aberdeen, why our excellent friend, the enemy across the Channel, can manage to enjoy the thing he hates with all the ardour of the national spirit.

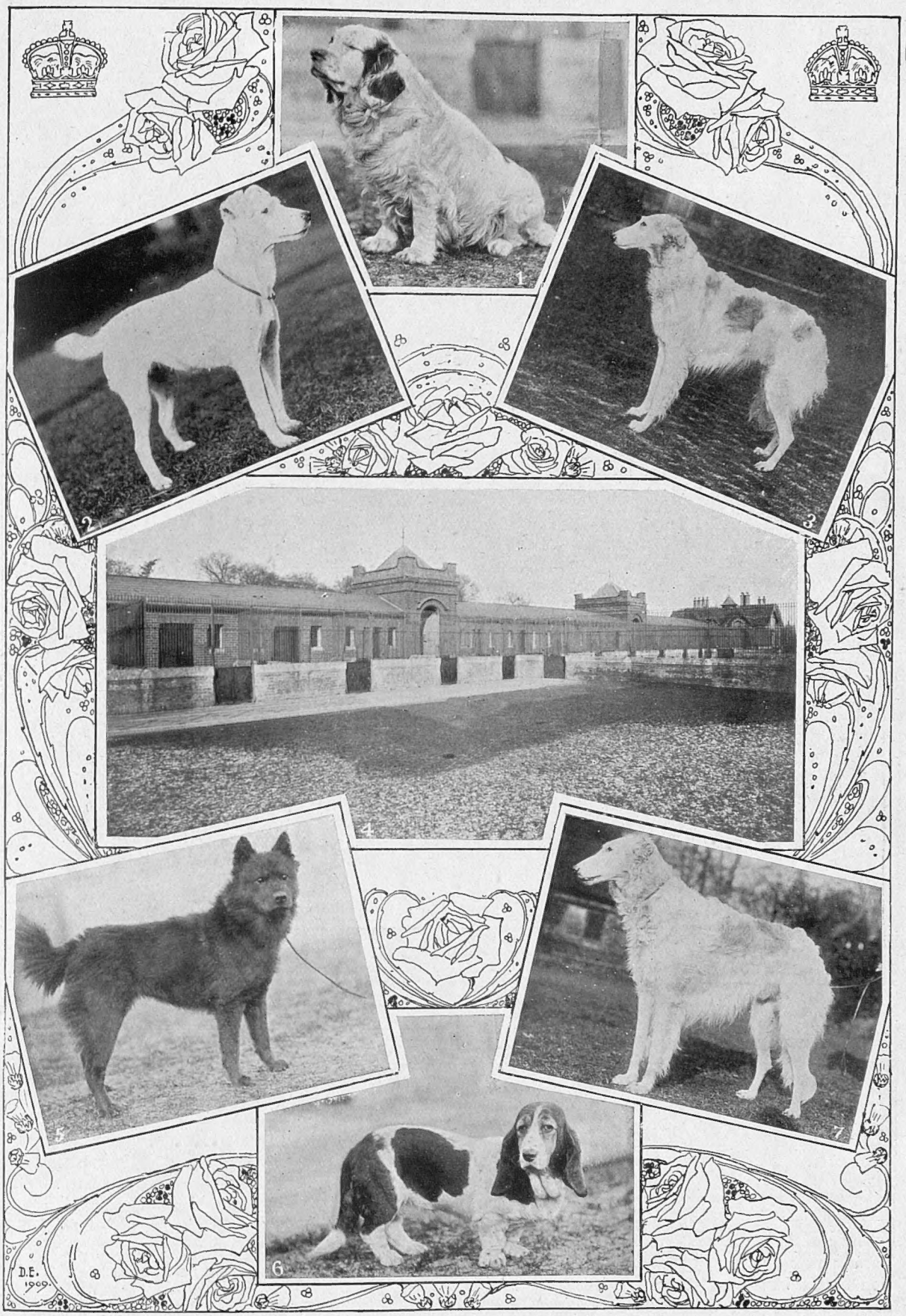
* * *

Distinguished Amateurs and a Charity Matinée

The Duchess of Rutland's matinée, organised by Lady Constance Hatch, in aid of the Royal Ear Hospital, at the Queen's Theatre, Shaftesbury Avenue, on Thursday, February 18, is increasing in interest daily. A long list of prominent artists have promised their services. Of most interest, however, will be the appearance of two well-known figures in Society, Lady Alington, lately the King's hostess at Crichel, and one of the best of amateur actresses, the Hon. Mrs. Edward Stonor. Mrs. Stonor will make her first appearance on the stage, and the Earl of Shaftesbury will also make his West-End début.

For the First Time of Taking

PHOTOGRAPHS, AT LAST, OF THE ROYAL PETS AT SANDRINGHAM



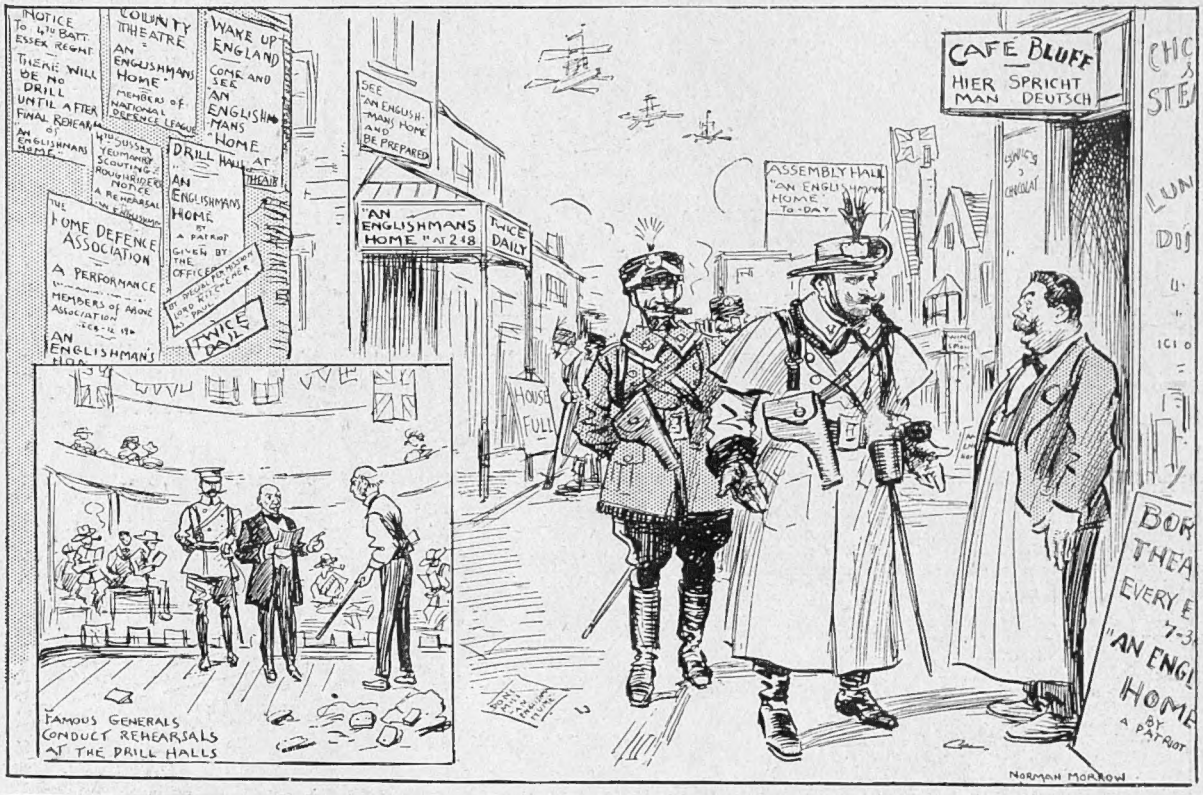
(1) The King's Clumber Spaniel, Sandringham Boss, Winner of four First and two Third Prizes. (2) Sandringham Vixen, the King's Fox-terrier, which has won six First and two Second Prizes. (3) The Queen's magnificent Russian Borzois, Sandringham Moscow, the Winner of twenty First and Second Prizes. (4) A General View of the Main Buildings of the Sandringham Kennels. (5) Sandringham Loo Choo, her Majesty's Chow Chow, the Winner of three Firsts and Challenge Prizes. (6) The Champion Basset Hound, Sandringham Dido, belonging to the Queen, which has won fifteen Firsts and Challenge Prizes. (7) The Queen's Sandringham Vassilka, which has won twenty-four First and Second Prizes and three Challenge Prizes

For many years photographers have made anxious efforts to obtain pictures of these Royal pets at Sandringham, but up till recently facilities have not been granted them. We are glad, therefore, to be able to bring these pictures to our readers' notice [*Dixon Photos*]

Where They Will Find Us All

A Hint to Our Invaders

The photographs I publish on the next page are particularly interesting in view of the invasion controversy. The casual person is apt to forget the submarine when he is thinking of our defences against the enemy. It will, I imagine, be an exceedingly awkward obstacle to a successful crossing of our narrow seas, and German officers are fully alive to our efficiency in this department. Our Submarine Service is superior to that of any other nation save France. Some of the craft can steam 500 miles on the surface, which means that they can cross the North Sea. To quote the words of a famous expert a few years ago: "If these vessels are developed for defensive purposes, and is a personal friend of King Edward and the Prince of Wales. His career in the Navy has been brilliantly successful, and his promotion rapid. As a sub. he got his "three ones" and early advancement to lieutenant. He was serving at the Cape when the Zulu war broke out, and was appointed A.D.C. to Lord Chelmsford. He shared in every important engagement of the campaign, was wounded at Ulundi, and mentioned in despatches. Later, he was flag-lieutenant to Sir A. Hoskins in the Mediterranean, and won the Egyptian medal for the 1882 campaign. These war services paved his way to the Royal yacht. He reached the flag-list five years ago. The Service feels that Sir A. B. Milne has the strongest possible claims to an independent command.



WHAT WE MAY EXPECT ON INVASION DAY

COMMANDING OFFICER OF THE INVADERS: "Thunder weather! But where are the British people?"
FOREIGN WAITER: "Ach! They are all at the theatres watching, or acting in, *An Englishman's Home*—their great new patriotic play which is waking them up to the dangers of invasion!"

BY NORMAN MORROW

it may be stated that any venture to transport troops across the narrow waters in the vicinity of our Southern and Eastern coastlines will be a hazardous undertaking, and once more the invasion bogey is checkmated." Before that "Englishman's home" is really in danger the invader will have to reckon with the "dipper."

* * *

Channel Fleet Rumours

Three weeks ago it was authoritatively stated that Lord Charles Beresford had been offered a year's extension of his important command, and that he had accepted the offer. But was the extension really offered? Sir Archibald Milne, now second in command, reported to have been named as successor, is a naval officer well known in Society, who has had long and close association with the Royal yachts

The Position of Lord Charles

But the question remains: "Was Lord Charles invited to remain in command of the fleet for an extra year?" It is believed that the offer was made and accepted; and, if so, his lordship is not being at all handsomely treated by the Board, for the proffered extension implied that there would be no cutting down of the Channel Fleet. For the Senior Admiral afloat to retain the command of a greatly reduced fleet would be undignified, so if the fleet is reduced, down comes the flag of our most popular Admiral.

* * *

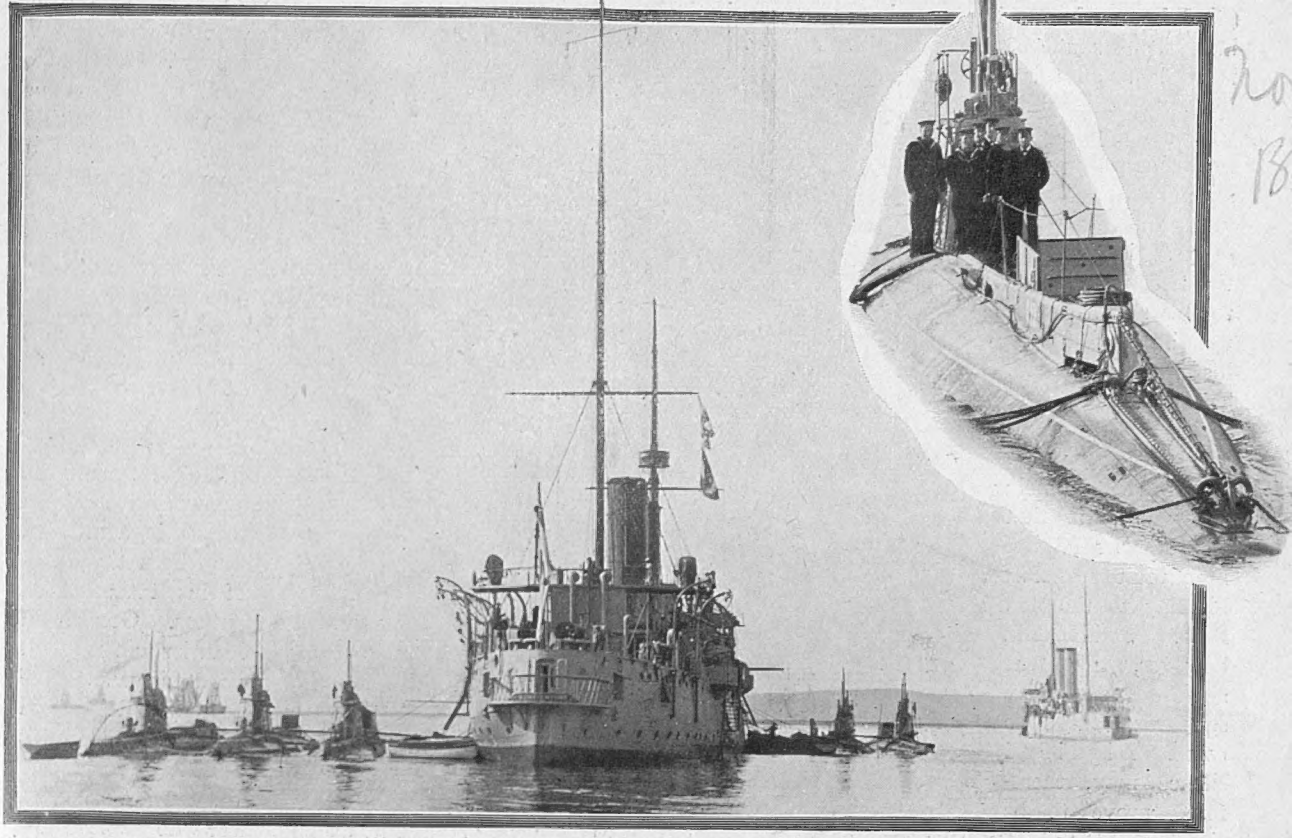
Interesting Questions

Did Sir John Fisher omit to hint that the Channel Fleet was going to be reduced to a second-rate squadron? Or, did the arch-juggler of squadrons

Lest the Invader Forget!

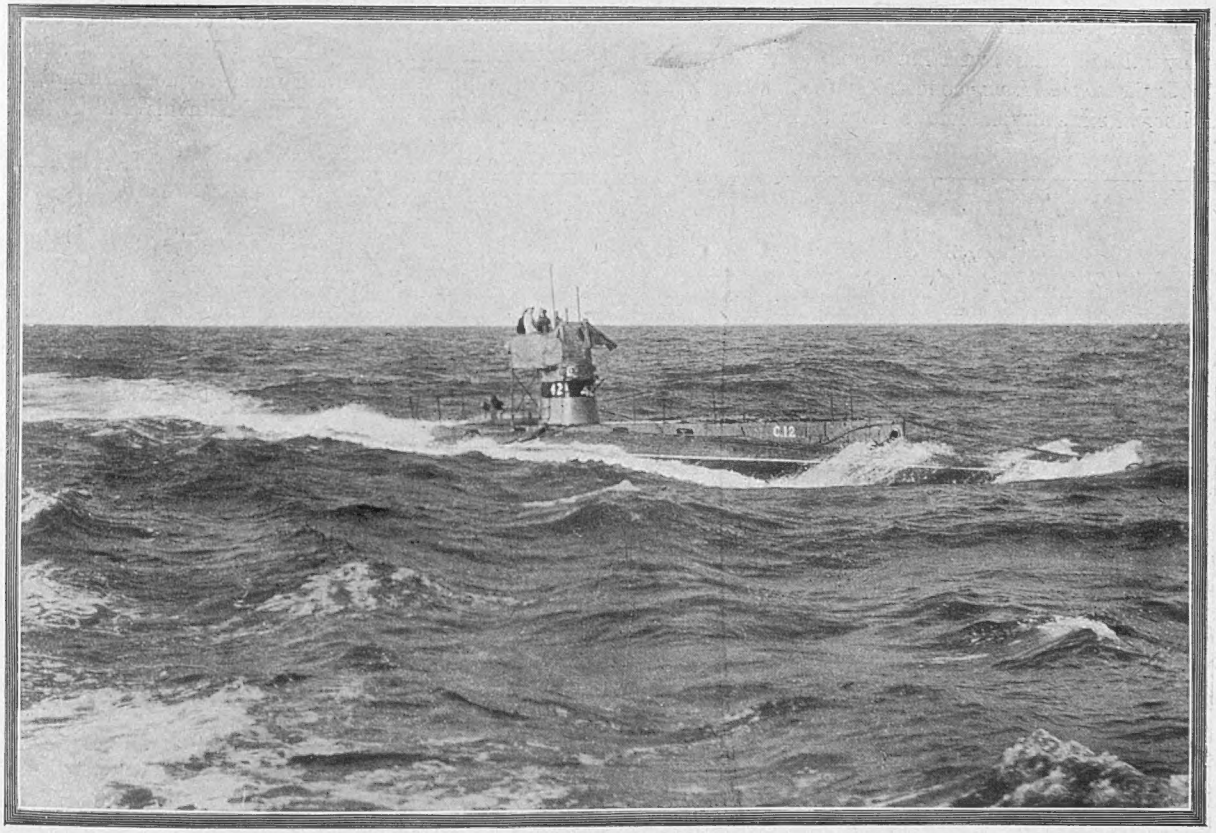
SECRET DEFENDERS WHICH ARE EVER ON THE WATCH

Secret slayers—
submarine,
Unhurt they harm,
and, seeing, are
unseen



A Lion and her Cubs: The Parent-Ship "Bonaventure," with her Submarines, off Gosport

Ready to Leave "D" Depôt, Gosport



Photos *Cribb*

"With Harnessed Necks the Pearly Flood Disturb": "C 12" at Sea in a Slight Swell

For a long time we were content to look on while France and America experimented with submarines—a typical attitude which is being repeated to-day by the War Office (*vide* aeroplanes). We have now, however, a fine flotilla of "dippers," and we can boast more of these vessels than any other country except France, Germany possessing only two or three. Our latest type of "dipper" now completed is the "C" class, for which provision is made for building thirty. They are 135ft. in length displace 313 tons, travel at thirteen knots on the surface and eight knots when submerged. The coming "D" class will be larger, and should attain a higher speed

Services: Senior and Entirely Junior

(Sir John, one knows, has a passion for reorganisation) imply that a shuffle of fleets was contemplated? There is no light on this interesting question at present; but "Charlie B." will no doubt express himself pretty strongly (later on, when the flag comes down) if, indeed, the fleets really are to be shuffled with the aim of curtailing his final command. True, a strong fleet in the North Sea is more necessary now than in the Channel; but why is it that Lord Charles has not been invited to shift his flag to the new fleet? It will be felt, however, that the shuffle of the squadrons had to come. Dignified silence may, therefore, prove to be the best attitude for the hero of Alexandria and the Nile.

Photo *Dickinson*

Vice-Admiral Sir A. B. Milne

Who, it is reported, is to succeed Lord Charles Beresford in the command of the Channel Fleet. Sir A. B. Milne is now second in command

Photo *Gale and Polden*

Admiral Sir William May

Who succeeds Vice-Admiral Sir Francis C. B. Bridgeman as Commander-in-Chief of the Home Fleet

NAVAL CHANGES, ACTUAL AND PROSPECTIVE

* * *

"A Patriot" Revealed

Several bad guesses were made on the first night of *An Englishman's Home* concerning the identity of the author, whom everyone knows now to be Major Guy du Maurier. It did not seem to occur to people that the man who had made such fine dramatic use of a national question could possibly be a new hand at the game. So those who, rather than confess to ignorance, preferred to hazard a name were distinctly on the safe side. But Major Guy du Maurier has succeeded where hundreds of others have failed.

* * *

Son of His Father

The great success he has won with his pen recalls in a measure the dramatic début of his father as an author. George du Maurier was well advanced in years before he delighted the world with *Peter Ibbetson* and *Trilby*. Major Guy du Maurier, of course, is a young man, but, usually, those who achieve distinction as authors have given something to the world before they reach the age of forty-four. The new soldier-author has seen a great deal of foreign service, and it was his work during the Boer War, in command of one of the much-needed and much-employed mounted infantry battalions, which gained him his D.S.O.

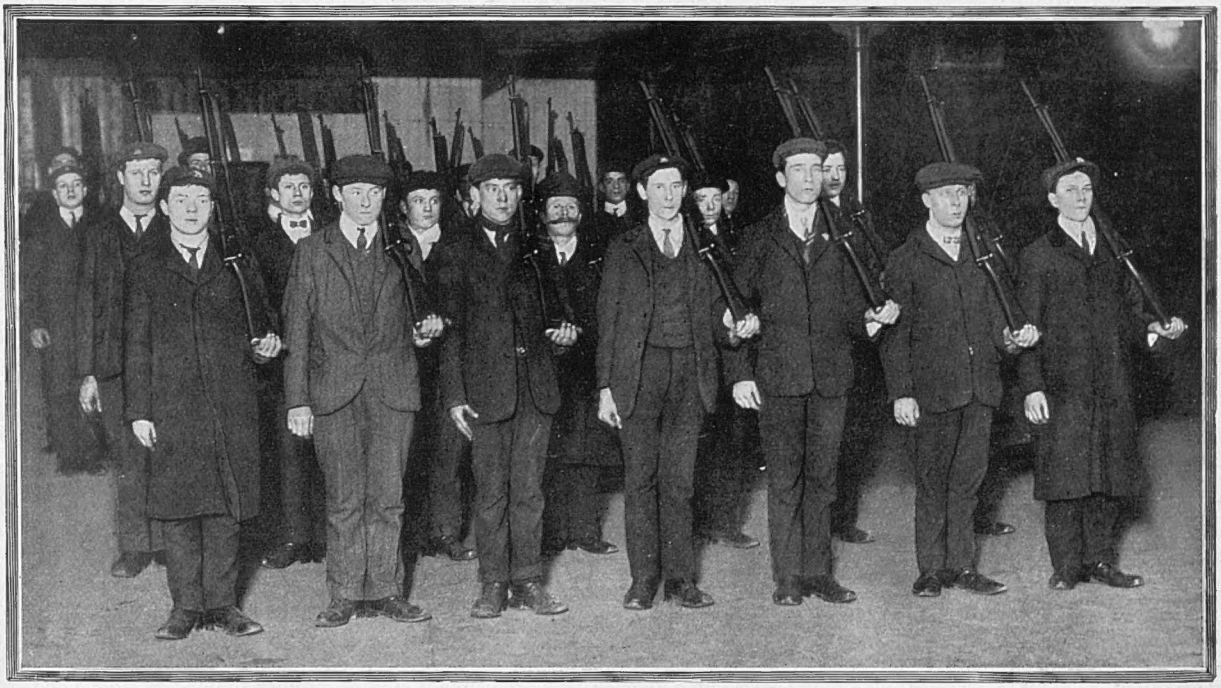


Photo *Illustrations Bureau*

The Rush to Arms: Very Raw Material for the Territorials Being Drilled for the First Time

A playwright having suggested the possibility of an invasion of England by a Continental Power, London was, last week, busy waking up. The recruiting offices of the Territorial Army were besieged by applicants. Though the above representatives of the physical calibre of the London youth do not look at all promising, yet exercise and drill work wonders—which must certainly come about if we are ever successfully to resist a Continental conscriptive army.

Some Cool Reflections on "A Patriot's" Play

What the Play Assumes

Far be it from me to wish to discourage in any way the admirable work being done towards stimulating enlistment in the Territorials by *An Englishman's Home*. Cool argument has failed to persuade our wayward youth to join the colours, and this play, bringing home to us as it does the actualities of invasion, seems to be acting like a charm. We have, however, the reputation of being a cool, commonsense nation, and it might be as well to point out that, before the horrors depicted in the play can become realities, a very large number of things will have to happen. Not only has our Navy been either evaded, or actually defeated, but the invaders are assisted by such useful considerations as a three days' fog, a strike in the Post Office, the cutting of cables, and a number of other things designed to show an extraordinary partiality on the part of Providence for the enemies of Great Britain. I do not suggest that these things are improbable, but I should have thought that a fog, at any rate, would be as useful an asset to the defender as to the invader, we being, at all events, familiar with its peculiarities. I should, in fact, imagine Fog to be England's first line of defence.

* * *

Impossibility of the "Surprise Raid"

It takes, further, a deal of venomous animosity towards a foreign Power to suppose that she would make an attack on us like a thief in the night. If Germany is meant, as obviously she is, it must be pointed out that one of her little laws is that the Kaiser cannot declare war against a foreign Power without the consent of the Bundesrath, or Federal Council. In a few months, the law will be, probably, further altered, making the consent of the Reichstag also necessary. We must not forget that Germany is not a military autocracy, but a federated empire of equal states, which have very much to be consulted before war can be declared. Germany is the last country in the world to embark on a secret adventure. Her policy in the past has usually been to goad her opponent into a sudden declaration of war, not to do it herself, and unless England is so foolish as to rush blindly into war with Germany, the danger of a sudden and treacherous attack upon our shores, such as the author of the play presupposes, is not within the bounds of practical politics.

Photo] "A Patriot" Revealed [*H. P. Robinson*

Major Guy du Maurier, D.S.O., of the Royal Fusiliers, author of the remarkable play, *An Englishman's Home*, which has set the nation talking of the chances of invasion. The new dramatist is the eldest son of the late George du Maurier, artist and author. His brother is Mr. Gerald du Maurier, the well-known actor

Another Fallacy

Consideration No. 2 is that the mobilisation of troops, and the concentration of a sufficient number of transports in which to convey them, would, in the very few ports Germany has at her disposal, inevitably attract attention and suspicion. Germany's "way out" is through the Sound or the Kiel Canal. Would a procession through these narrow waterways of huge steamers crammed with troops, pass unnoticed? The supposition is laughable. If, on the other hand, the procession were noticed, the idea of a surprise invasion falls to the ground. Whatever forces we had would, in that event, be concentrated, and the episodes of *An Englishman's Home* could only follow the utter rout of those forces by sea and land.

* * *

Lastly, But Not Leastly

Another very important consideration is a somewhat sordid one. At the present moment the German Empire is absolutely at its wit's end to raise money to maintain its forces on their peace footing. Prince Buelow is faced with the most relentless opposition to his Budget proposals. The present is the most unlikely

Two Interesting Weddings

Photos **Sir Roderick and Lady Wigan** *Lafayette*

Who were married at Holy Trinity Church, Marylebone, on January 27. Sir Roderick is the late Sir Frederick Wigan's son, and his wife was Miss Ina Wigan, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Lewis D. Wigan, of Kilmory, Argyll

period for her to entertain the smallest idea of a war with Great Britain, which would, in any case, be a dire disaster in a purely commercial sense. You do not usually assassinate your best customer in the middle of the night, and the British Empire is Germany's best customer. One more word. A German *invasion* of England, as distinct from a mere raid, can, to be successful, only follow the complete annihilation of the British Fleet. Without that, she could never maintain communications sufficient to keep her forces in food and ammunition. The destruction of the British Fleet means, of necessity, the destruction of the British Empire, which is only held together by sea communications. Supposing Germany to have destroyed the power of the British Empire at its foundations, a feat which an invasion of England would signalise, does any sane person suppose that the rest of Europe, to say nothing of America, would stand by and calmly watch her pocket our possessions? If the recent seizure of one small corner of Turkey nearly led to a vast conflagration, what sort of row would there be if one Power were to threaten to annex territories of eleven million square miles?

* * *

A Strange Tale from India

Apropos matters military, the following, from an Indian correspondent, seems to prove that slackness of a rather grave sort exists. The Bengal Presidency Rifle Association always hold their annual meeting at Meerut, and thither come men from all over India and from Burma to shoot, and vast camps are erected round the rifle ranges. For their use the Government provided seven hundred and twenty thousand rounds of ammunition. This was given over to the railway company, lodged in two vans, which were simply sealed. No escort was provided, and no one put in charge.

* * *

Lost Ammunition!

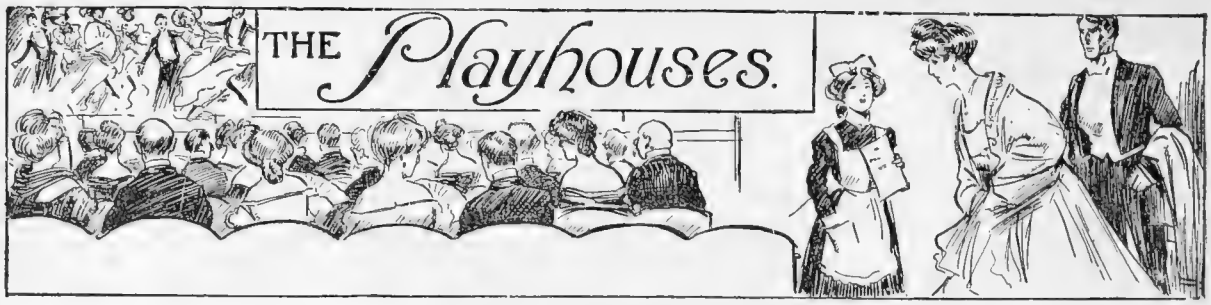
The North-Western Railway, who are not noted either for expedition or excessive care with luggage, shot these two vans of ammunition on to a siding at Multan and forgot all about them; in fact, didn't even know where they had got to! The troops who had collected to shoot were here ten days, wildly borrowing any bad ammunition they could lay hands on, while the railway company and various authorities frantically wired in every direction to try and find out where they had lost those vans! Eventually they were found, and once more all is peace; but thoughtful people are saying that there is something very wrong somewhere, inasmuch as it ought not to be possible for that enormous quantity of ammunition to go astray, and if it can happen so easily, what might not be possible to a really clever gang bent on arming themselves, if it's only a matter of uncoupling a truck and breaking a seal?

Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Sydenham

The marriage of Mr. Ernest Sydenham, Royal Warwickshire Regiment, and Mrs. MacNeale Patterson, widow of the late Major MacNeale Patterson, took place on January 19

When that "Short, Sharp Act" Becomes Law!

BY FRANK GILLETT



By ERIC CLEMENT SCOTT

WYNDHAM'S THEATRE

"An Englishman's Home"

Last week I was enabled to give only the briefest account, in another column, of the remarkable play which burst upon the British Public without any flare of trumpets. Now the eyes of the Empire are turned upon "Myrtle Villa," Wickham, Essex, where Mr. Brown and his family were so hardly dealt with by the fierce, ruthless, capable soldiers of the "Empress of the North."

The author has filled in his picture of this little middle-class villa with a sure hand. Mr. Brown is a type of patriot whom we know only too well. He regards his home as his castle, inviolate from intrusion, not to speak of invasion. He pays his taxes, and bases his sense of security primarily, of course, upon the Army which he helps to maintain, but more closely upon the policeman round the corner.

He plays diabolo, and beams with pride upon his children, Reggie, Syd, Amy, and Maggie, when discussion rages, as it does eternally in this household, upon the subject of sport. Nor does paterfamilias check them when they sneer at the young Volunteer, Paul Robinson, for wasting his half-holidays at target practice instead of watching football matches.

A Typical Briton

Surely, and with many an ironic touch, the author builds up this little Essex household before he introduces in dramatic fashion his fierce horde of invaders to demolish it. Realism is his note—first in peace, then in war. And bitter is the lesson he inculcates by the contrast between the cool, prompt, skilful, resourceful invaders and the fussy, ill-prepared, ill-equipped defenders. One quality alone he allows the latter—courage.

But even his method of conceding this quality is satirical. The courage of Mr. Brown is the courage of a fool. When shells are shrieking round the house, and the post, from the military point of view, is untenable, Mr. Brown hangs on. He looks upon retreat, ordered by the adjutant, as a cowardly move. In a frenzy he picks up a rifle and shoots down one or two of the advance guard before he is captured. According to the usages of war, he is led out to be shot. And so, upon his own lawn, he dies a victim of his own ignorance, obstinacy, and prejudices, and too late to see the tables turned upon the invaders.

Such is the bare outline of a story which has set the public by the ears.

Effects on Home Defence and the Drama

The play has succeeded in its propagandist effect beyond the wildest dreams of the author. He felt sincerely upon a grave national question, and wrote what he felt. Major Guy du Maurier must have thrilled when he read in South Africa the brief cable accounts of his success, but even yet he possibly has no conception of the furore he has created.

The play may prove the most powerful recruiting agency ever thrust into the delighted hands of a Secretary of State for War. That remains to be seen. But whether or not it turn out more effective than the Duchess of Devonshire's kiss, there can be no doubt but that *An Englishman's Home* will have a broadening and most salutary influence upon English drama. In England the subjects deemed fit for treatment in dramatic form have been very limited. Dramatic authors have travelled round and round in a tiny circle until audiences have begun to weary of the eternal sex question. A few bold spirits, such as Bernard Shaw, Granville Barker, and others of the late Court *régime* have stepped without the circle. They have been more catholic in their points of view. They have actually set aside the domestic hearth in favour of Blue Books and the Law. But it may truly be said that they have appealed rather to "advanced" playgoers than to the public. Now we have a play wildly acclaimed, in which the principal feminine character stamps her individuality upon the audience chiefly by reason of her inability to tie a bandage upon a wounded soldier.

Hope for the Future

A play without feminine interest! Why, the boldest manager would blanche at the mere notion of producing such a play. And budding playwrights have taken their cue from the trend of thought which they knew to be running in managerial heads. Result: A drama which has been the despair of intelligent critics—a drama which has only existed by reason of the foreign blood infused into it.

Now that this "dramatic tract" (as it was scornfully dubbed by one critic) has taken the town, we may hope to see a widely extended range of subjects ready to the budding playwright's hands. For "dramatic tract" is not a fair definition of the play. It is many years since I read a tract, but the impression they left upon me is that of one-sidedness. And one-sided is exactly what the play is not. True, the English Volunteers are given some hard knocks, but their warmest sympathiser could hardly say that they are undeserved. Moreover, there is not a trace of malice in the author's treatment. The tract-writer inveighs against the sinner as though he had a personal grievance against him, whereas one feels that "A Patriot" admires the Volunteers for their bravery, and pities them sincerely for their lack of training.

Shells have set fire to the top storey of the little Essex home, which is the post of Lieut. Jackson and

"An Englishman's Home"

THE BITTER LESSON OF THE PLAY OF THE HOUR IN TWO PANELS

MISS CHRISTINE SILVER (*Ada Jones*) MR. LAWRENCE GROSSMITH (*Geoffrey Smith*) MR. CHARLES ROCK (*Mr. Brown*) MR. ARTHUR WONTNER (*Paul Robinson*)

Geoffrey Smith sneers at the whole Volunteer movement. He cares only for sport, and gibes at the young Volunteer, Paul Robinson, for wasting his half-holidays at the shooting ranges. He "dresses up" members of the Brown family in mockery at the martial spirit and the accoutrements of the soldier

A FOOLISH JEST—

Geoffrey Smith pays a terrible price for his folly and derision. When the little Essex homestead is stormed by the invading party, Geoffrey is shot dead. By these swift and awful means are the Brown family introduced to the horrors and realities of warfare. Such has been the hit of Major Guy du Maurier's play that seats are booked up at Wyndham's for two months ahead already

Photos] **AND THE PRICE OF IT** [*Foulsham and Banfield*

American Monologues for the Halls

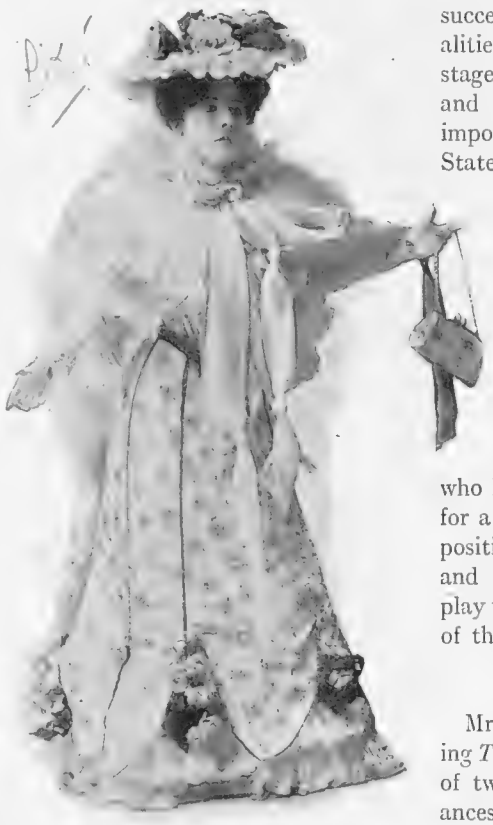
his seven men. Enter the Lieutenant into the parlour, excitedly waving his sword. "They've kicked off," he yells.

Those three words alone acquit the author of the charge of unfairness and bias. The play is not a dramatic tract. It is the expression, in dramatic form, of the opinions of a clever, sincere writer, who knows his subject, and treats it with satirical humour, with judgment, and, above all, with truth.

LYRIC THEATRE

"The Chief of Staff"

Mr. Ronald MacDonald has written for Mr. Lewis Waller a play set in the picturesque scenery of an inland South American State. The scenery is idyllic; so, too, is the plot. It is an artless little story, so constructed that we know exactly what is going to happen. When the beautiful Iduna de Solatierra appears and expresses her dislike of the bold, cruel dictator, Colonel Stephen Cavendish, who has had a horrid past in England, we await mildly for the moment when they will fall into each other's arms. A *coup de théâtre* on the part of the author brings about the expected sensation. The Colonel's evil reputation is chiefly the outcome of the fatal fascination he exerts upon susceptible woman. The young wife of his chief, General Sebastian, President of the State, comes within his baleful influence, and, like the other pretty moths, is singed. The noble Colonel resists, as is his wont, but not before the silly woman has placed herself in a most compromising situation in his arms. Luckily, the resourceful Iduna comes to the rescue of her step-mamma. Snatching Engracia's mantilla, she takes her position in Cavendish's embrace, and when the irate General appears upon the scene, it is not to shoot a faithless wife, but to bestow the hand of his beloved daughter upon his best friend.



Miss Isabel Fisk

The talented American *raconteuse*, who recently gave a most successful recital at the Steinway Hall. She is shortly appearing in monologues and playlets of her own at the Halls. One of her greatest hits, *A Woman in a Shoe Shop*, in which rôle she is above seen, has been included by Mark Twain in his "Anthology of Humorous Verse"

Plots and Counter-plots

The rest of the play is concerned with the evolution of a false, strained engagement into the true union of two loving hearts. The *dénouement* is delayed by plot and counter-plot. The arch-conspirators are a lying maid, Lola, and a cosmopolitan blackguard named Herrero. Plot No. 1 is the shooting of the Colonel. This fails, and makes way for plot No. 2—the bringing together of Colonel Cavendish and Engracia de Solatierra in a compromising position. Here the author indulges in the most approved "paper" tactics. A letter brings about the complication, and the envelope as effectually smooths it out.

A Regular "Waller-Drama"

There are one or two effective lines in the play, but the characters are mere stage puppets, and the author pulls the strings too plainly to deceive any but the least sophisticated of audiences. Mr. Waller, in a Waller part, enjoyed the triumph of a regular Waller evening. Mr. Haviland, as the General, tried to act down the absurdities of the last act, with the result that he made the situation still more strained and unreal.

Miss Evelyn D'Alroy is a welcome addition to the ranks of leading ladies. She possesses a beautiful presence, a pleasant voice, and a sense of comedy. Miss Madge Titheradge and Mr. Shiel Barry plotted with great vigour, but neither they nor the other hard-working members of the cast succeeded in hiding the conventionalities and artificialities of this stagey story set among blue hills and snow-clad peaks of this impossible South American State.

E. C. S.

Haymarket Theatre

Dolly Reforming Herself scored its century on January 30, and everything points to a lengthy continuation of its run. Everybody is going to see the play, perhaps to learn the art of "sweedling" from Dolly. Miss Ethel Irving, who had been absent from the cast for a short period owing to indisposition, returned on this evening, and a charming souvenir of the play was presented to each member of the audience.

The Playhouse

Mr. Cyril Maude has been playing *The Flag Lieutenant* for upwards of two hundred and fifty performances to crowded houses, and there are as yet no signs of the rush for seats abating. But the enormous success of the play, predicted by us at the commencement of its run last June, is thoroughly deserved. Its well-written dialogue and its cleverly drawn characters, coupled with excellent acting, are responsible for this happy state of affairs.

Criterion

Miss Evelyn Millard has transferred her revival of *The Adventure of Lady Ursula*, which has been doing such good business at the Garrick, to this theatre. Miss Millard, who plays Lady Ursula with great fascination, is well supported by an excellent company, which includes Mr. Herbert Waring, Mr. Charles Fulton, Miss Dora Barton, and Miss Dolores Drummond. By the way, Mr. Anthony Hope's other play, *The Prisoner of Zenda*, is to be revived at the St. James's on February 18.

The Latest Waller Drama

BY NORMAN MORROW

Random Jottings

TAKING OUR PLEASURES SADLY.—A billiard match report states that Inman "broke down several times." Nervous strain, we suppose, poor chap!

* * *

BOXING NOTE.—On the Cannes golf links "Sir Edward Sassoon had a round with the Grand Duke Michael of Russia." Probably some ridiculous dispute about etiquette. Sad! Sad!

* * *

"Are gunnery instructors ever gentlemen?" a lady was overheard the other day to ask a distinguished Colonel showing her round Chatham. "Sometimes," was the answer; "I've been one!"

* * *

A rumour reaches us that the Government is really subsidising aeroplane experiments in hopes of increasing the death duties.

* * *

For breaking shop windows at Teddington a man, according to the *Evening News*, "has been fined £Q30." This seems excessive. £K25 or, at least, £Z14 ought easily to have met the case.

* * *

OVERHEARD AT A LADY ELOCUTIONIST'S RECITAL

1ST VICTIM (*reading programme*): "The management trust that there will be silence during the performance."

2ND VICTIM: No such luck—she's reciting!

We denounce, with all the force in our power, the unnecessary innuendo contained in the report of the Tuberculosis Commission that, as young swine died from inoculation with tuberculous milk, such milk "must be considered dangerous to human beings." Such a theory is nothing less than a "policy for pigs."

* * *

LONDON'S DOINGS

Mr. Eustace Miles announces free soup to be "given away on the Embankment by Cleopatra's Needle." A very praiseworthy course on the part of this generous monument! Could not distributions be made during cold weather by St. Paul's Cathedral and the Marble Arch?

"Girl would meet Charing Cross, Monday, 5 o'clock." (*Daily Mail* agony column.) We hope Charing Cross will be careful; it has always acted hitherto like a perfect gentleman.

* * *

TERRORISM IN THE SERVICES.—An Admiralty return gives cold-blooded statistics of the "shooting of gunners in the Navy."

* * *

OBITER DICTA OF THE WEEK.—The chairman of the South-Eastern Railway declares that he "will not expose the travelling public to any risks (note "any risks") by allowing a dangerous speed." Interviewed by a usually inaccurate representative he further

LAWSON WOOD'S WEATHER FORECASTS—NO. III.

EARLY MORNING—CHILLY, SQUALLS AT FREQUENT INTERVALS

Tantalising

"One wouldn't 'urt us neither, would it, John?"
Voice from the depths (with emotion): "Ah!"

BY A. E. HORNE

Lessons from Tottenham

stated his determination to refuse (1) to countenance the spread of indigestion through the sale of over-fresh sandwiches; (2) to smother interesting advertisements by obtruding the names of the stations into visible positions; and (3) to hurry passengers too rapidly past the magnificent scenery which the Company had laid out at lavish expense.

* * *

High Society — The aeroplanist clubs.

A Finished Boxer—Tommy Burns.

* * *

PILGRIMAGE DE LUXE

(*Carriages are to be fitted up as mosques on the Hedjaz Railway — the precise locality of which line we shall not insult our readers' intelligence by explaining.*)

Latest arrangements announced by the Great Ranjam-pam South-Eastern Railway include:—

Rupee-in-the-slot praying-wheels placed in the corridors, revolved by electricity. (Warning—Do not prise open the apparatus with daggers.)

Buddhist priests and idols at passengers' disposal by the hour, to be delivered up on arrival at the ticket platform.

Holy carpets can be had of the attendants; for tariff see hand-bills. A reduction will be made to priests on the active list in uniform.

Fakirs and others making pilgrimages by this superb line can obtain complete sets of instruments for self-torture of the most modern type. Hydraulic shin-squeezers, vacuum thumbscrews, electric nerve-ticklers, etc., etc., of the official pattern. *Vide* our handbook, "Travel in Misery."

Crusaders carried at a reduced rate on Holy Wars.

Propaganda and Inquisition parties arranged for by our own experts.

* * *

We are requested by the Government to contradict the rumour that the Commission on the Import of Meat had any connection with the shortage of horses in this country.

* * *

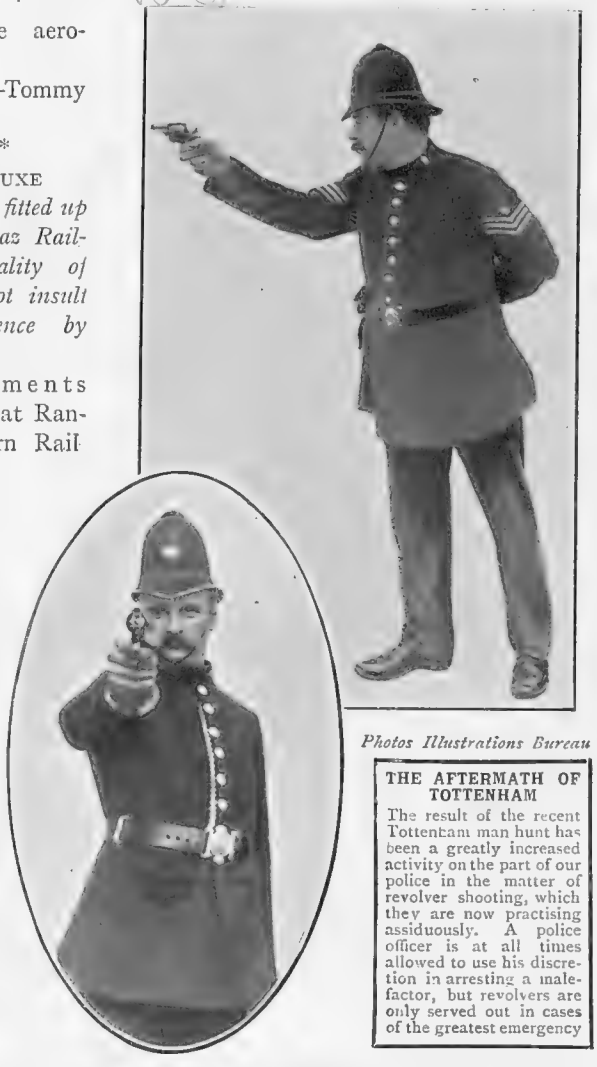
"L.D." has been assigned by the Local Government Board as the latest registration mark for motors in London. From the amount of money they bring in in fines we should have thought "L.S.D." more expressive.

* * *

From the *Evening News*, February 2.—"Wanted, respectable girl; comfortable home; another kept." The other home, we suppose, would be less comfortable.

* * *

Judge Bacon, at Bloomsbury, has told a debtor that he must pay his creditors before he thinks of burying his mother-in-law. Certainly, quite right! Business first, pleasure afterwards!



Photos Illustrations Bureau

THE AFTERMATH OF TOTTENHAM

The result of the recent Tottenham man hunt has been a greatly increased activity on the part of our police in the matter of revolver shooting, which they are now practising assiduously. A police officer is at all times allowed to use his discretion in arresting a malefactor, but revolvers are only served out in cases of the greatest emergency

A NEW USE FOR PARLIAMENT

[*It is said that when Parliament meets, a resolution will be moved to allow men and women to sit together in the galleries.*]

Phyllis, when the eventide
  Looms upon the drowsy Lea,
Let us seat us side by side
  In the Commons' gallery;
Though the speakers be verbose
We can nestle very close.

What to us that other maids,
  Tended by their faithful swains,
Wander into leafy glades,
  Via desolated lanes?
We'll increase our knowledge, while
They are whispering by the stile.

What to us that they are out
  Rambling through umbrageous woods?
We will hear debates about
  Taxes upon foreign goods
I shall hear your fitful sigh
When you hear Lloyd George reply.

Others, while the night-owls screech,
  Love to linger 'neath the moon:
We all through the Budget speech
  Will elect to sit and spoon.
Cupid's arrow will appease
Chancellor's cupidities.

If in making answer to
  Some Conservative remark,
Mr. Churchill says, "Oh, you
  Should have stayed in Noah's Ark!"
We will pardon such bad taste,
Since my arm is round your waist.

Others think it is sublime
  Love and moon-lit paths to tread,
But when comes at last the time
  When, dear, you and I are wed,
We shall reap advantage great
From our Knowledge of Debate.

MOSTYN T. PIGOTT.

Where Prize-Fighting Still Fascinates

18,000 AUSTRALIANS WATCH JOHNSON'S VICTORY OVER BURNS

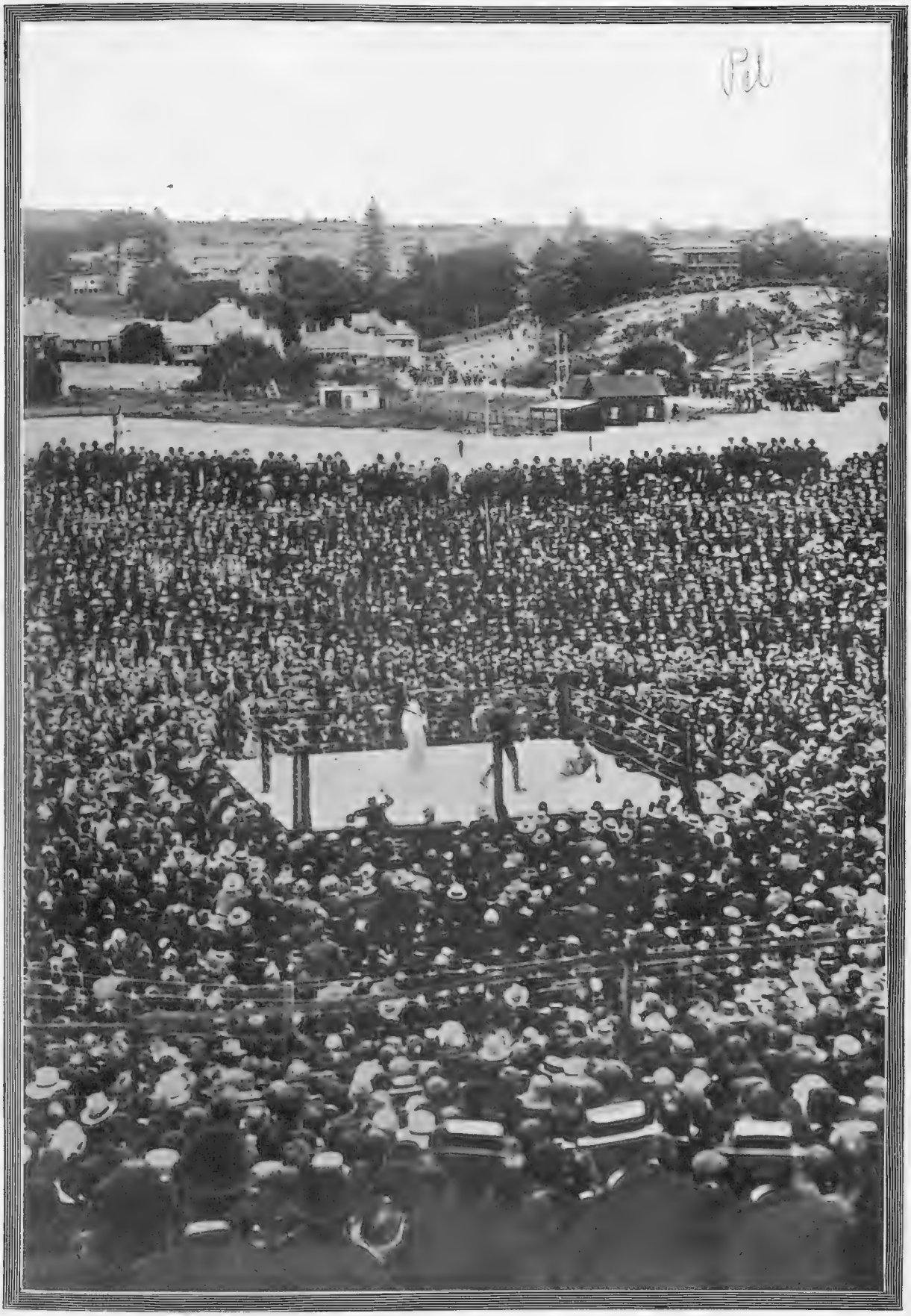


Photo *Illustrations Bureau*

A VIEW OF THE WORLD'S BOXING CHAMPIONSHIP AT RUSHCUTTER BAY, SYDNEY, N.S.W.

Australia's interest in the by no means edifying spectacle of prize-fighting was exemplified by the immense enthusiasm displayed at the recent match between Jack Johnson, the negro, and Tommy Burns, the holder of the World's Boxing Championship, which was fought at the Rushcutter Bay Stadium, Sydney, on Boxing Day. Over 18,000 people were present, the gate-money reaching the figure of £25,000. Though the white man was outclassed from the beginning, he stuck to it for fourteen rounds, when the police stopped the fight. Johnson received £1,500 as prize money, but Burns has netted at least £6,000 in cinematograph rights alone

CONTINENTAL CHAT

(From "The Bystander" Correspondents)

In Paris

Once again I am back in Paris, with its bright, crowded boulevards, its electric light advertisements, its noisy traffic, and elegant women. It may no longer be the centre of the political world; what M. Fallières says and thinks may not be watched with jealous anxiety by the Sovereigns of Europe. There may be no Court to attract high-class Bohemians and economising members of the British nobility in reduced circumstances to try and cut a figure in less expensive surroundings at the Tuilleries; yet Paris is still a lovely city, and none in the world can offer such a feast for the eyes as the beautiful drive from the Place de la Concorde to the Bois de Boulogne. Even *parvenu* as the President and his Ministers may be, there is something dignified and high-cast about everything in Paris. In fact, there is no city in which the absence of the vulgar is so striking.

Photo] MRS ASQUITH *[Graphic Photo Union*

Mrs. Asquith Goes Tailing with a Family Party at St. Beatenberg, Switzerland

Mrs. Asquith, Miss Asquith, and the children have been staying at delightful St. Beatenberg—a growing Swiss winter sports resort—before going on to Montana, where the family remain till the end of March. Mrs. Asquith herself, however, is due back in London at the beginning of March. Our photograph shows Mrs. Asquith and a family party leaving St. Beatenberg on an excursion to Annisbuhl

King Edward as Arbiter of Fashion

Under the Empire, the adventurers who were turned into Marquises and Counts had no difficulty in creating one of the most brilliant Societies the world has ever seen. Yet Paris to-day has no Society, properly speaking, at all. If there is a leader of fashion in Paris it is King Edward, the details of whose dress are watched with as keen an eye by the social "bucks" of Paris as by their colleagues in Piccadilly. The tilted hat has had its run, like the waistcoat with its one button left undone, and now King Edward's buttonless glove it to reign supreme till he decrees otherwise. Since her return from Marienbad, Mme. Letellier has assumed a vicarious charge over the fashions for women. Assisted by the artist, Helieu, she devotes the resources of a fertile brain to devising eccentricities which show her off to advantage, but which are, unfortunately, copied by others. The craze of the hour is fur, and everybody who can afford it wears silver fox. Mme. Henri de Rothschild's set, which cost £2,000, and was exhibited in Marienbad before it was annexed by this fashionable lady, is turning many a complexion green with envy. Men suffer doubly from the fur persecution. They have not only difficulty in finding the money to pay their wives' bills, they can scarcely recognise their womenkind when they have their furs and hats on at the same time! The craze for fur is so great this year that the *dernier cri* is to have a little edging of fur round the golosh of the boot—a fashion, however, which King Edward did *not* lead! The social exodus from Paris is as great as the social exodus from London. Yet the Gay City fills again daily with persons from all nations, busily buying clothes for the Riviera, Biarritz, or Switzerland.

When Will "Chantecler" Crow?

One of the events of the season was the arrival of Edmond Rostand to superintend the rehearsals of *Chantecler*, which has been eagerly expected for the last year. The play is a satire on human life and events now passing, and will, it is said, put *Cyrano de Bergerac* and everything else Rostand wrote into the shade. Poor Coquelin, who was to play the rôle of the cock, tried his best to persuade Rostand to hurry, but in vain. Rostand will not be hurried. He polishes and turns and alters every verse at least twenty times, and even now the last act does not appeal to Mme. Rostand, Rostand's most reliable critic. Six months ago the proprietors of the Hotel Meurice expected this king of literature. They even offered him the King of Spain's suite if he would come at once, but Rostand contented himself by sending scene after scene by special messenger, until at last he arrived himself with the finished play, alas! to find the great Coquelin dead.

Past and Present "Stars" on the Riviera

The Passing of the Great Actors

With the death of Coquelin the greatest figure in contemporary French comedy disappears from the scene. He belonged to a period of the Théâtre-Français which is gone, the age of Got, of Sarah Bernhardt, and Mounet-Sully, where in one piece all the greatest actors of France competed, the greatest artists would put all their soul into the rôle of an hotel waiter. Now, the star system has carried all these great actors and actresses into separate theatres, and even the Comédie Française can only show a good all-round efficiency. Those were palmy days even in a greater age than the present, when a high mediocrity has left no scope for transcendent genius and conviction, and actors seeking after perfection are swamped by clap-trap, notoriety hunting, and advertisement.

La Belle Otero at Nice

Where the famous Spanish dancer has been creating daily sensations with her gorgeous jewels. Our snapshot shows her, however, in quiet attire

Monte Carlo "Wagner Mad"

Roulette has not been the sole attraction lately at Monte Carlo. At the Casino, Mr. Gunsbourg, who has been in charge of the theatrical arrangements for years, has introduced Wagner operas for the first time, and Monte Carlo for the moment is Wagner mad. Four operas have been admirably performed, and such Germans as were there were quite enthusiastic. Among those present at each performance was the Princess of Pless, looking radiant in the latest French confection; her sister, the Duchess of Westminster, even more beautiful, wore on one occasion a very remarkable dress of old blue and gold, half Empire and half Grecian, finished at the waist with a gold chain made of cloth of gold. The Duke of Westminster, who was not successful at the tables, motored over each day to Cannes for the polo. He leaves shortly, with the Duchess, for Eaton Hall, where they will continue to hunt until the middle of March, when the Duke returns to drive his new motor-boat in the races to be held at Monaco. Mrs. Elinor Glyn, who is busy with her new book, is looking for a retreat here. She had a very lucky escape the other day. Coming round a very sharp corner on the delightful but dangerous Corniche road above Monte Carlo, her car crashed into another coming in the opposite direction; the other car was badly damaged and the chauffeur hurt, but Mrs. Glyn and her little girl escaped. Lord and Lady Rosslyn have arrived from San Remo, and are staying at the hotel at Cap Dial. Prince Orloff, who has been laid up at the Hotel de Paris, is again about.

Photo *Graphic Photo Union*

Miss Edna May (Mrs. Oscar Lewisohn) and Her Husband at Cannes

Where she has been taking lessons in golf from Arnaud Massy. She has also been learning lawn tennis from Tom Fleming

Nice and Mentone Doings

The Duc de Pomar recently gave a large reception at his villa. Admiral Sperry and a large number of the officers from the Danish cruiser *Hundahl* and the American cruisers were present. Mr. White, the American Ambassador at Paris, has given a large *déjeuner* for forty at the Cercle de Casino. Mrs. Rutherford Stuyvesant entertained at dinner at her Villa Damavante, the American Ambassador and Mrs. White, after which there was a large reception. At Mentone, Lady Hanbury and Miss Hanbury, of Le Mortola, the gardens of which are the finest on the Riviera, have brought some of the survivors of Messina to Ventimiglia, to house them until Messina is rebuilt. The Hon. Mrs. Griffiths, who is at the Villa les Lucioles, gave a large reception last week, and among other visitors are Sir Arthur and Lady Willshire, Mr. Hamilton Gatliff, Mr. and Mrs. Colvin White, and Gen. and Mrs. Carr Glyn. The Duke of Sutherland is still here, and his yacht is expected shortly. Lord Rendlesham has arrived, and is at the same villa as he had last year.

People at Cannes

Polo is still the chief attraction here, and the most exciting game played so far was for the Challenge Cup. Captain Miller's team was beaten by Captain Jaubert's by 5 goals to 4. The Rev. Canon Langford entertained some fifty members of the British Colony at a dinner to commemorate King Edward's accession to the Throne. Lord and Lady Brougham and Vaux have arrived at the Château Eléonore; Lady Rendel and her daughter, the Hon. Mrs. Henry Gladstone, are at their villa, the Château de Thorenc; other arrivals are Mr. Joseph Pease, M.P., and Sir John and Lady Brunner. The Grand Duke Michael and his charming wife are the latest arrivals.

The Light Side of Winter Sport

At Biarritz

It is always the season in Biarritz, and in this respect it is unique. In summer it is the Spanish season, in autumn the French, and in winter the English and Russian. At this charming little spot the all-invading German has not yet begun his penetration, but probably he will soon. Biarritz is just the place for Marienbad patients, for no other place has such varied and delightful short walks. Even the walks in the town itself are picturesque. The late Queen Victoria loved Biarritz for its walks, and probably this is one of the reasons why King Edward never misses a season there.

Winter Sport

Swiss snow and ice sports have made incredible advances in popularity during the last five years. A few years ago St. Moritz and Davos drove a thriving trade with a number of invalids, schoolmasters, 'Varsity men, and enthusiastic sportsmen, who strove together in friendly emulation, and established events which have now international names. This year the old places are as crowded as ever, and the newer resorts, such as Chamonix, are also taxed to their utmost to accommodate Society as well as sportsmen.

Chamonix—the Success of the Season

Chamonix is certainly the success of the season. Known for many years as a summer resort for climbers and lovers of the picturesque, it has recently held international competitions under the auspices of that virile institution, the Touring Club of France. The machines in the bobbing race were of the very best make, the winner being a wheel-steered one of the type that looks like ousting the old Davos and St. Moritz varieties off the snow. That graceful French actress, Mlle. Simon, won the ski-ing and figure-skating competitions, clothed in costume of unimpeachable cut, a daring but useful innovation for sport in the frigid climes.

Society Among the Snows

Mrs. Asquith and her family have been at St. Beatenberg, which was only opened this year for the first time. Lord Lyveden has been "skip" of a rink at Villars; Mr. Rudyard Kipling, disguised in green goggles, has been shooting down the streets of Engelberg on a "Swiss"; Lord Balfour of Burleigh has been faithful to Davos Platz; and among the host of fashionable people who crowd St. Moritz, and they include anybody from a Crown Prince downwards, has been Lord Lytton, who is one of the first exponents of the international style of skating.

Photo *Chusseau Flaviens*

A Fancy Race at Chamonix: Ready to Start in a Ladies' and Gentlemen's "Wheelbarrow" Toboggan Contest

That the great sport week at Chamonix was not solely confined to the serious pursuits of skating, tobogganing, and bob-sleighing is proved by the above picture, which shows a fancy race, provocative of great mirth to both contestants and spectators. It is an adaptation of the wheelbarrow race, the fair "barrow" in this case proceeding on a toboggan

Lady Sarah Wilson Skis

The success of Switzerland has inspired other countries with the hope of cultivating a profitable winter season. Innsbrück has had a considerable number of English visitors, and it was there that Lady Sarah Wilson first obtained an introduction to that most fascinating of all sports—ski-ing. Versed in the vagaries of the slippery ski, that have a habit of sliding away from one another at awkward angles, Lady Sarah will probably make them useful in other parts of the world of which she has such an extensive knowledge.

A Nymph, a Naiad, of the Ice

THE GRACEFUL HEROINE OF "LA GRANDE SEMAINE" AT CHAMONIX

Photo *H. W. Nicholls*

MLLE. SIMON, THE PARISIAN ACTRESS, WHO HAS JUST WON THE LADIES' SKI-ING AND SKATING COMPETITIONS AT CHAMONIX

Clad in the best of skating costumes, the young skater, Mlle. Simon, snapshotted at Chamonix, enjoying a morning's exhilarating exercise on the ice, typifies all the joy of a holiday where winter is delightful. Mlle Simon is a charming actress of Paris, and has just distinguished herself by winning the Ladies' Ski-ing and Skating Competitions at Chamonix

Out For a Day's Sport: A Tobogga

Photo

Though only established as a resort for winter sports during the last few years, Chamonix rejoices in many skating, ski-ing, curling, and tobogganing competitions, which have just been taking place during "La Grande Semaine d'Hiver," as the great sports week is officially called. The International Ski Races are under
The race between Norwegian and French
Tobogganing, as in other places, is one of the

Party Ready for Action at Chamonix

H. W. Nicholls

e management of the Touring Club de France, ters was easily won by the Norwegians. popular, as it is one of the most delightful, of the pastimes of visitors to the Savoy town under the shadow of Mont Blanc, and many and pleasant are the excursions and toboggan parties. Chamonix is the only French Alpine winter-sport resort

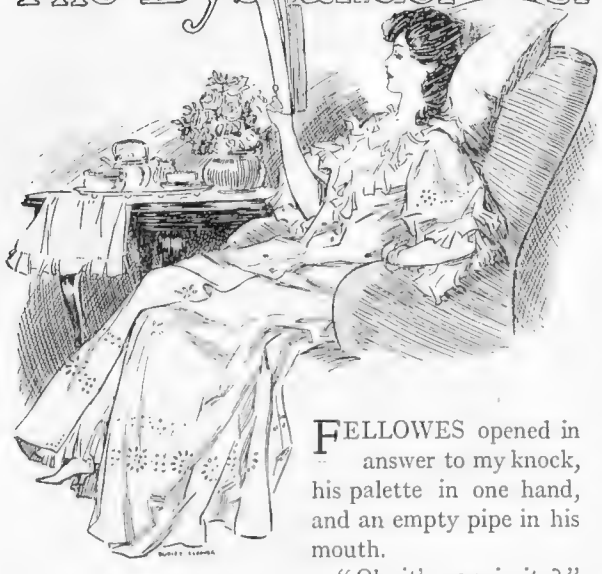
In Full Career

A REMARKABLE SNAPSHOT OF A SKI-JUMPER IN ACTION

Photo *H. W. Nicholls*

The extraordinary speed attained by the ski-er, especially when, after a long descent, he takes the final jump, always militates against the taking of a successful snapshot, which shall reveal his features and expression as well as his general attitude. This photograph, however, is remarkable in its clearness in these respects. It shows a ski-er, at the psychological moment of his jump at Chamo ix practising for the recent ski competitions in the week of sports

"The Bystander" Series of Short Stories



Blood Money

A STORY OF ART AND MYSTERY

By C. D. LESLIE

FELLOWES opened in answer to my knock, his palette in one hand, and an empty pipe in his mouth.

"Oh, it's you, is it?" he said. "Come in. Thank the Lord it's not a creditor, anyhow."

"Modified rapture," I murmured, advancing into the room. "How's the world treating you? Sold anything lately?"

The question was unnecessary. I could see he hadn't. All his recent paintings were prominently in view, while older canvases lurked in corners, or stood three or four deep against the wall. Fellowes had talent and a passion for painting the unsaleable: hazy landscapes, or obscure allegorical puzzles after the manner of Watts. To-day a picture in a different style caught my eye. It stood on the easel in the middle of the room.

"Hullo!" I cried. "Here's something I haven't seen before. I like that. Best thing you've done yet. What's it called? 'Memories?'"

"I thought of 'A Marriage of Convenience.'"

On a canvas of moderate dimensions were represented a man and woman at table, dessert and wine before them. The couple were ill-matched, the man young and good-looking, the woman a stout, red-faced matron of some forty summers, wearing much jewellery and an air of stupid self-satisfaction. His head averted, the man was gazing with hungry eyes at a vision seen in his mind's eye, the wraith of a pretty girl on his right; and he was obviously bitterly comparing the reality with the dream.

"I remember," I said, "a similar picture a few years back, but with the situation reversed, the man a fat, elderly bounder and the wife young and pretty, and the ghost of a former sweetheart sitting opposite her. But, anyhow, if the idea's not original, you've painted a saleable picture, and I congratulate you."

The artist grunted. "I'm trying to paint down to the public," he replied, savagely. Artists mostly live in airships, and always grumble when they have to alight for supplies.

The picture which tells a story is, for some reason or other, always viewed with suspicion by precious people, and this was a story picture, but there was unmistakable power in the composition. The faces of the couple arrested attention; the tortured soul of the young man looked out of a handsome, haggard face, and the self-complaisant expression of the woman provoked a smile in its ruthless fidelity to type. The wraith maiden alone was insipid and uninspired, but the artist, possibly, deliberately made her so.

Fellowes had, I could see, painted a flattering likeness of himself for the husband; the wife looked like a portrait also, and I asked who sat for her; he smiled grimly.

"No one; I relied on my memory and painted a lady I used to know very well at one time."

"What are you going to ask for this?"

"A hundred. It's going to the British Painters' Summer Exhibition. D'you think it'll sell?"

"Bound to," I declared, confidently.

Fellowes, with the pessimism of an artist who has not made a penny for months and is being dunned by his creditors, said he doubted it.

"Nonsense. It's the first picture you've ever painted likely to please the uncritical, sentimental British Public. It'll not only sell, but it'll bring the dealers here; they'll bid for all these," I indicated the many unappreciated masterpieces about us. "They won't mind speculating if your work is at all likely to become the vogue."

Confidently though I spoke, I aroused no corresponding hopefulness in the artist, who declared bitterly that the world would know most of him when an interesting case of "death from malnutrition" was reported in the newspapers.

"This thing that I've painted to sell will probably get overlooked by the critics, and the public don't flock to any picture show except the Royal Academy."

"Yes," I agreed, "that's true. There's a plague of artists and art exhibitions to-day. Unless the art critics and the public have some special inducement to go and see this"..... I broke off, struck by an idea. "Fellowes," I cried, "if I can get you two hundred for that picture, and give you a magnificent advertisement into the bargain that will sell all your canvases, will you give me the second hundred?"

The artist, busy on some finishing touches, wheeled round and surveyed me with amazement. "What bee have you got in your bonnet?" he demanded.

"A bee that will buzz you into the position of the most widely discussed of living artists," I retorted. "Look here, do you want this picture to be the talk of London? Of course you do. 'Pon my soul, I believe I can work it for you. It was you who gave me the idea when you said an artist had to be dead to be appreciated at his true worth. You shall be dead, and not only dead but murdered! Won't the public flock to see your pictures then!"

"Possibly; but if as a mark of friendship, and to

(*All rights strictly reserved*)

hasten my recognition as an artist, you intend to murder me, I'd just as soon you didn't, thank you all the same."

"Don't be so dense, it'll only be an imaginary murder; you'll clear out quietly one evening and leave the rest to me. Now listen."

. . . . .

Five days later I again knocked at the door of the studio. It was opened to me by a police-constable, while on the floor, magnifying glass in hand, crawled an Inspector, after the fashion of the late lamented Sherlock Holmes. He rose as I entered.

"Why——" I began, and broke off in simulated wonder.

"Good afternoon, sir," said the Scotland Yard man. "Are you a friend of Mr. Fellowes, may I ask?"

"Yes, my name's Quinton. Where is Mr. Fellowes?"

"That's just what we want to know. He's disappeared."

"Disappeared!"

"Yes, his landlady reports that he did not return home last night, and certain signs here point unmistakably to foul play."

"You don't mean—murder?" I gasped.

"The evidence points to it—unless," added the detective by an after inspiration, "Mr. Fellowes turns up alive to disprove it. When did you see him last?"

"About ten last night. I spent the evening here, I and a man named Pilkington, an artist who has a studio in the next street. A Pickford van called at nine for a picture which Mr. Fellowes is showing at the Down Street Galleries, Pilkington left then and I an hour later. Fellowes stayed behind to write some letters."

The Inspector nodded. "That tallies with the information I have already gathered from Mr. Pilkington and the housekeeper. The latter arrived this morning at nine o'clock as usual, was surprised to find the studio door unlocked, and, after a cursory glance at the room, went for the police. . . Look here!"

"Blood!" I exclaimed, melodramatically.

The stains on the floor were genuine human blood-stains, as no one knew better than myself. How I got the fluid is a long story.

"Mr. Fellowes is dark, isn't he?" asked the Inspector, showing me an Indian club to which a few black hairs caked with blood adhered. The fuss Fellowes had made when I pulled them out of his head was surprising.

"I thought so; evidently he was struck down with this weapon and the body dragged into the garden. The window was found open; see, here are more blood-stains, leading right down to the garden."

The Inspector and I were now in the strip of garden at the back. I looked properly horrified.

"You think he was murdered? But if so, where is the body?"

"Ah, there I'm at fault," confessed the Scotland Yard sleuth-hound; "the murderer or murderers have removed it. I imagined it simply a case of burglary at first, though Mrs. Jones, the housekeeper, declares nothing appears to be missing. The blood-stains pointed to assault and battery, and I tried to get into communication with Mr. Fellowes. It was when I learned that he never returned to his lodgings last night, and that his landlady didn't know his whereabouts, and when I had ascertained by telephone that no wounded man answering to his description had been admitted to any hospital or police-station, that I suspected murder. It's the only explanation."

"What's to be done!" I cried.

"Inform the Press," stated the Inspector.

"I'm a pressman myself," I said, "so you need not fear that the matter will lack the fullest publicity."

By a piece of good luck news of a kind such as the public like was scarce just then, and the "Supposed Murder of an Artist" received all the prominence we desired. Every morning and evening paper in London devoted columns to it.

The Press, after two or three days, turned its attention to "A Marriage of Convenience." The British Painters' Summer Exhibition was now open, and the rush of the British public to see the pictures in the Down Street Galleries put to the blush those cynics who declare we are not an artistic nation. Fellowes had not been dead three days before the world discovered that he was a great painter. "A Marriage of Convenience" was snapped up by an astute art dealer, who sold it soon afterwards to the Brummagem Art Gallery for seven hundred and fifty pounds.

. . . . . .

A week later I joined my friend at Willington, a village near Uckfield, in Sussex, the centre of the chicken fattening district. Fellowes was staying at a sleepy little beerhouse, and spent his days fishing the mill stream. Over our pipes that evening we discussed the situation.

"Our little conspiracy," I said, "has so far succeeded beyond my highest hopes. Your story is plausibility itself. On the night the picture was sent to Down Street you suddenly decided to take a walking tour into the country, and you wrote two postcards announcing your decision, one to your landlady and one to me, put them in your pocket, and forgot to post them. You have them now. Walking tours are not generally started at midnight, but artists are proverbially eccentric. You have not looked at a paper since, and the Fellowes mystery has not been mentioned in your hearing until to-day, when a stranger, myself (now you see why I instructed you to meet me as a stranger), tells you something about it. To-morrow you take the train back to town, and are amazed to find you are famous, but supposed to be dead."

But Fellowes shrank from this course. The amazing success of our plot, the fame he had acquired, rather frightened him. He suggested postponing his re-appearing for a week; the modern world lives so fast it would make less sensation then.

"I should have thought you'd have had enough of this place."

"I have," he replied, "but I needn't stop here; I'll walk on to Devonshire. Won't you come?"

In the end he persuaded me. We walked to Teignmouth, a leisurely tramp, taking a week or so on the road. Outside the town we parted, arranging to meet at the Imperial Hotel. I had wired to town for a bag to be sent there. After dinner that evening I would stroll into the bar and presently my dead friend would, to my mingled amazement and horror, walk in. We rehearsed the scene on the way, and were both perfect in our respective parts. Only, unfortunately, we were

(*Continued on page 292*)

Shortly Seeking the Riviera

Photo *Rita Martin*

MRS. NICHOLAS LECHMERE

Who, with her husband, is so popular in London Society. She is now seriously indisposed, but is to recuperate as soon as possible on the Riviera with her husband, who, by the way, is a brother of Sir Edmund Lechmere, so well known as a big game shot. One of Mrs. Lechmere's hobbies is the cult of Pekingese toy dogs

(*Continued from page 290*)

never called upon to play them, for the Unexpected was to take a hand in the game.

Dinner was just over, and I had seated myself in a lounge in the hall, when a familiar voice hailed me.

"Quinton it is; I thought it was you I saw in a corner of the dining-room."

The *rencontre* rather pleased me, as the newcomer knew Fellowes slightly. I decided he should be a participator of my discovery of him later on. We lit cigarettes and chatted, I explaining I had been on a solitary walking tour to reduce my waist measurement, and he telling me he was straight from town. Then I began to lead up to the Fellowes mystery; a quarter of an hour later I made an excuse, and slipped quietly out of the hotel. I found my friend loafing in the vicinity.

"Fellowes," I said, "here's a pretty kettle of fish; you're not only dead, but buried. Your body was fished out of the Thames six days ago, identified as you at the inquest, and buried at Kensal Green. You had a lovely funeral. Pity we've seen no London papers."

"Who identified it?" he demanded, warmly.

"Your wife," I replied.

Any hopes I had entertained that the lady in question was an impostor were dissipated by his reception of the news. Fellowes uttered a groan, turned pea-green, and collapsed upon a bench conveniently handy. "Arabella here," he gasped.

"Yes; you kept her pretty dark," I said, bitterly, "though you hadn't forgotten her; she's the wife in the 'Marriage of Convenience' very slightly exaggerated. Your story is in all the papers. You went to America years ago, drifted to San Francisco, and then fell on hard times. You were pretty well starving when she picked you up and married you. She was a well-to-do widow. Three years ago you deserted her; that was in 1906. Suspecting you'd return to your native country, she came here looking for you. Now, she's not only found you, but buried you."

"Surely she got a divorce for desertion?"

"No; she's always lived in hopes of finding you again. But that's not the worst, my dear chap. She's taken possession of your property."

"What?"

"The documentary evidence she possesses, and the word of the American Ambassador, who vouches for her, have enabled her to take possession at the studio and sell your pictures, which are greatly in demand. Messrs. Hagnew have just bought twenty for two thousand pounds, half of which is to be spent on a marble sarcophagus for your remains in Kensal Green."

"This is all your fault," said Fellowes, ungratefully.

"I like that! Why weren't you frank with me? Why didn't you tell me you had a wife somewhere or other? Then I'd have stayed in London and guarded your property in case she turned up. As it is——"

"As it is," groaned the man I had made famous, "I shall remain dead!"

"How are you going to live if you continue dead?" I queried, warmly. "Don't be absurd; fame and fortune as an artist await you in London. Come and face the music."

"And my wife. You don't know my wife."

"I trust to have the honour of an introduction very shortly," I said.

Owing to the considerate conduct of a "First-Class Earl who kept his carriage" in marrying a Salome dancer just about this time, the return of Fellowes to life excited little sensation in the Press. Naturally enough, the newspapers did not hesitate to snub him, and more than one openly suggested that the whole business was an impudent advertisement. Fellowes left shortly for San Francisco with his wife. His lot in life is to reproduce her charms on canvas as "Ariadne," and "The Woman Who Withered," a wholesome but rather a tedious hobby. He still owes me one hundred pounds, but I'm not at all sure that I want it.

C. D. Leslie.

Photo **"The Flowers that Bloom in the Spring"—a season which has already made its appearance in the Scilly Isles** *Miss Best*

This welcome picture of the approach of spring on our coasts, as typified by this field of white narcissus, was taken in the Scilly Isles, overlooking Old Town, St. Mary's

The Calm Before the Storm

A MOONLIGHT SEA STUDY

"Her Highness." By Hal Hurst

THE CULT OF THE MINIATURE

PORTRAITS (AND POETICS) AT THE MODERN GALLERY

THE art which began in England so handsomely under the Tudors, flourished exceedingly with the lively and picturesque Stuarts, declined, and rose again under the Georges, has once more renewed its youth, and now blossoms like the rose. The fine qualities of the old work, the graces of Samuel Cooper, the character of John Hoskins, the delicacy of Ozias Humphry, the slick aptitude of Bernard Lens, have not, perhaps, been recaptured, but there is evidently great effort and severe study to-day among the painters of miniatures, and a vast improvement on the coloured photograph style of work which held the public a few decades ago. But even in periods of the greatest artistic depression the miniature portrait has always remained popular. In the eighteenth century, when it was rejuvenated under the skill of that curious personality, Richard Cosway, the great ones of the earth like Catherine of Russia presented their favourites and friends with such gifts embedded in diamonds. Napoleon and his widely spread family gave thousands of miniatures to their admirers, and even in an indifferent mid-Victorian period, when photography was becoming powerful, one finds again and again traces of this taste. In his account of a flirtation of that day, Mr. Locker-Lampson sang:

"Her Grace." By Hal Hurst

Our love was like most other loves:
A little glow, a little shiver,
A rosebud and a pair of gloves,
And "Fly not yet" upon the river;
Some jealousy of someone's heir,
Some hope of dying broken-hearted,
A miniature, a lock of hair,
The usual vows, and then we parted.

But, compared with that far-off Victorian day, the art of the miniaturist at present flourishes greatly. At the Modern Gallery in Bond Street the collection this spring suggests no small endeavour to revive the glories of the past. Among the most telling of the

An Example of the Classic Revival: "Bacchante." By Alyn Williams (enlarged)

The Influence of the Eighteenth Century

Mrs. William Morris. By Lionel Heath

paintings shown are Miss Smart's "Sir Harry and Lady Wilson," Mr. Adams's "General Booth," and Mrs. Corbould-Ellis's "Reflections." Somewhat remarkable as showing new methods in miniature painting are the various light, rather sketchy but charming portraits by Miss Norriss. Of these the "Señorita Dona Angela de Zulueta" is very attractive in treatment, and the "Gwen, Daughter of Dr. E. C. Williamson," most pleasing. Indeed, it will be noted that side by side with portraits in the old manner are many departures in the art of the small picture, which show considerable skill and freedom. Mr. Hal Hurst's fetching and *chic* "Her Highness" and "Her Grace" will be popular, and, as is usual at the exhibitions of the Royal Society of Miniature Painters, those two accomplished practitioners of this art, Mr. Alyn Williams and Mr. Lionel Heath, show some clever work. One

Miss Marie Hall. By Bess Norriss

of the most successful portraits is that of Mrs. William Morris, the mother of the beautiful Miss Julia Neilson.

The Classic Revival

These two artists, among others in the present exhibition, have produced some pleasing examples of what may be called the cult of the classic nude in miniature. The "Venus Aphrodite" and the "Bacchante" of Mr. Williams, and the "Dawn" of Mr. Heath being especially effective. This departure is, of course, like most others in art, a return to an older form. In the eighteenth century, particularly in France, this branch of painting was carried to a certain kind of perfection which the modern miniaturist does well to reject. The delicacy and dignity of these pieces of to-day are full of

Miss Hylda Herapath. By Lionel Heath

charm; here and there, however, is something of the lack of grace and stiffness which shows the artist to be working in a somewhat unaccustomed field of labour. As a whole, this year, the Society displays a considerable advance in its graceful art. Both in portraits and subjects this development suggests a study of the antique, blended with a judicious acceptance of present-day ideals such as must certainly lead to popularity and success.

EGAN MEW.

"Venus Aphrodite." By Alyn Williams

"Dawn." By Lionel Heath

By Field, Stream & Covert.

A Notable Private Pack

Lord Leconfield's Hounds are not among the packs whose doings are regularly recorded in the newspapers. Popularity is in no way coveted, and big fields are discouraged. The country they hunt over in Sussex is mainly an agricultural district, and the pack is entirely a private one, so that Lord Leconfield prefers not to advertise his appointments. Yet the hounds, which are kennelled at Petworth Park, form one of the grandest packs in the kingdom. They have always been in the hands of the reigning Lord Leconfield, and the present Master greatly strengthened his kennel recently by the purchase of an important draft from the Atherstone. These hounds are one of the few packs which hunt six days a week all through the season, and I am told that they have already killed about eighty brace of foxes, a fact which speaks well for the supply of hunting material in this part of Sussex. Lord Leconfield, by the way, has resigned the Mastership of the West Cumberland Hounds, which he took at the beginning of the season.

The Foxhunters' Month

Hunting was resumed last week, after a rather lengthy stoppage caused by frost. February is a month which speeds all too quickly by in the hunting field. By this time all the craven and weakly foxes have been weeded out. Those which remain are, for the most part, straight-necked travellers, gallant enough to set their masks for distant points when they know that scent is helping hounds. And it is remarkable how foxes do know the difference between good and bad scenting days. If foxes are at their best in February, so, too, are hounds. They are in their hardest condition, and far freer from riot than was the case in November. Horses, also, ought to be at the top of their form in February, and the lengthening afternoons give an opportunity for a full day's sport.

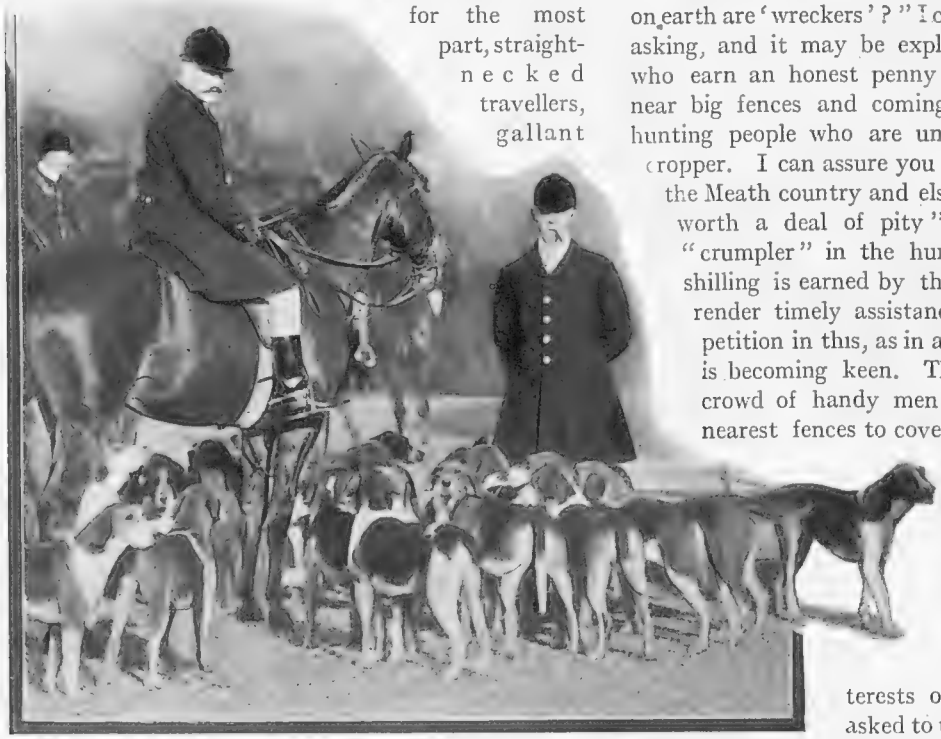


Photo *Swaine*

Lord Leconfield (left), with his Hounds at Stansted Court

On the right is Mr. George Wilder, the owner of Stansted Court, where the meet was held. After this meet an exciting run took place, Reynard taking refuge on the roof of some outbuildings, whence he took a twenty-foot jump, finally being accounted for in a neighbouring garden

The West Norfolk Hounds

The full-page photograph of the West Norfolk Hounds in this issue appears appropriately at a time when all hunting people in East Anglia are talking of the excellent sport which the Earl of Romney has shown so far during his first season in the Mastership of the pack. He has displayed admirable qualifications for the position he now fills, and, to start with, he was lucky in getting a very capable young huntsman in Thomas Isaac, a member of the well-known family of hunt servants of that name, who have all made their mark. One recent run with the West Norfolk will be long remembered. For nearly an hour after darkness had set in hounds and their huntsman stuck perseveringly to the line, and the field were obliged to ride to the sound of the horn and the music of the pack.

Wreckers in the Hunting Field

I see that in Ireland they are complaining about the mischief caused by "wreckers." "What on earth are 'wreckers'?" I can imagine the uninitiated asking, and it may be explained that they are men who earn an honest penny by stationing themselves near big fences and coming to the rescue of those hunting people who are unlucky enough to come a cropper. I can assure you it is a thriving trade in the Meath country and elsewhere. "A little help is worth a deal of pity" is indeed true after a "crumpler" in the hunting field, and many a shilling is earned by the "bhoys" who hurry to render timely assistance. Unfortunately, competition in this, as in all other lines of business, is becoming keen. The result is that quite a crowd of handy men post themselves by the nearest fences to covert, in eager expectation of disaster. This means, of course, that foxes are often headed, and sport spoilt. And so hunting men are asked not to give money to the "wreckers," as by so doing they will be acting against the interests of foxhunting. They are asked to use the services of the well-known hunt runners instead of these nondescript men, and the request seems a reasonable one. A. W. C.

With the Warwickshire

WELL-KNOWN MEMBERS OF THE POPULAR MIDLAND HUNT AS SEEN BY "SNAFFLES"

All the best-known followers of the Warwickshire have been caught by "Snaffles." Lord Willoughby, at a meeting of the Hunt members last week, offered to resign the Mastership on the ground of insufficient financial support. Sir Grey Skipworth said the Hunt was like a "funeral procession," but the meeting expressed confidence in Lord Willoughby, and asked him to continue as Master. Hunting readers will be glad to hear that "Snaffles" is visiting the best-known Hunts this season, and his impressions will be published from time to time in these pages

Photo *Bassano*

A MEET OF THE WEST NORFOLK HUNT AT MIDDLETON TOWERS: THE MASTER, THE EARL OF ROMNEY, WITH THE HOUNDS

This is Lord Romney's first season with the Hounds, but he has been successful in providing excellent sport and is most popular. The Hunt dates from 1534, and the country, for the most part, consists of light plough, which is good going. In the King's Lynn district there is a good deal of woodland as well as gorse and heath.

GOLF

The "Lancet" and Golf

The *Lancet*, which, like the fat boy in "Pickwick," periodically endeavours to make our flesh creep by telling us that something we are fond of is horribly injurious and must be avoided or given up at all costs, has now cast its baleful eye on golf. Golf, which, poor deluded fools, we imagined was *the* game for health and for relief and distraction from all the worries and ills that flesh is heir to, is now to be cast into the outer darkness. We are told that instead of golf being a reliever of care and a distraction from worry, it is but a fresh ill that we are flying to. The golf remedy, in short, according to the *Lancet*, is worse than the disease. A harrowing picture is drawn of the poor duffer who foozles his tee shot, misses his second, duffs his third, and puts his fourth into some deep and loathsome bunker, and then, having lost his temper, and, perhaps, broken a club or two, returns home an exasperated man to wreak his vexations on his innocent wife and family. But softly, is the *Lancet's* diagnosis a correct one, and is the prescription offered, to wit, cycling or walking in preference to golf, likely to effect its object?

A Quiet Word of Protest

Naturally, as a confirmed golfer, I stoutly dispute the assertions of the *Lancet*, and take leave to doubt the likelihood of walking or cycling being of the slightest use as a distraction from worry for anyone who has ever tasted the delights of golf. I am not going to beg the question by using the word "delights," for in that word I will include all the ups and downs of the ordinary player's career, his bad days when nothing will come off as well as his good days when fortune smiles on him and all goes well. Send a man who is worried off on a long cycle ride or walk, and what will he do? Why, unless he is gifted with preternatural strength of mind, he will chew his worry from beginning to end of his cycling or walking. There is nothing in these exercises to absorb and distract the mind, or to divert it from the dominant worry. But I defy anyone to play golf and think of anything but the game. The very difficulties and worries caused by bad shots are counter-irritants spurring the man to fresh endeavour and driving out every thought but the one absorbing one of how to compass the next shot.

Golf in Ceylon: The Players and Spectators in a Caddies' Match at the First Tee on the Colombo Links

The above photograph is interesting as showing the extraordinary universality of our great national game. We do not know whether it is in vogue in the neighbourhood of Greenland's icy mountains, but the photograph proves it to be popular in Ceylon's sunny isle. The club is a rendezvous of Colombo society in general. The links, some of the holes on which are very sporting, are well patronised in the early morning and late in the afternoon. The native caddie is exceedingly keen on the game, and the best present you can give him is an old golf club

Tobogganing at Adelboden

Photo *Graphic Photo Union*

Leaping on an Ice Run at Adelboden

The above is an excellent snapshot of one of the incidental excitements of a downward flight on a toboggan, for when, while travelling at a great speed, any inequality in the ground is met with, the toboggan leaps into the air, and for a short distance at least, the passenger enjoys the delights of flying

A Hopeless Case

No, the man who is going to let the small distresses caused by bad play become a permanent worry to him is not going to be cured by cycling or walking. His case is so desperate that nothing will avail to cure him. But, gentle reader, have you ever in your golfing experience come across such a hypersensitive, neurotic player? I don't think you have, and I am certain that I never have. ERNEST LEHMANN.

RUGBY FOOTBALL

St. Bart's v. Middlesex Hospital

For sheer pure hard football, a Hospital Cup-tie often provides a game far better worth going to see than those between teams of greater reputations and more celebrated participants. Who could want to see a more interesting match than that between St. Bartholomew's and Middlesex? A desperate battle, lots of strength, and not too much science, and, to add to the pleasure of the spectators, the always delightful element of surprise. For "Bart's" were supposed to be going to win, and that easily; yet at the call of "time" their score was blank, and Middlesex had gained a couple of tries. It was a match which reminded one of the Rugger matches of long ago; there was even dodging—that lost art in first-class Rugger—to be seen. The "Bart's" men were much the stronger in the scrum, but their superiority there was lost by lack of combination, and even with a half like H. M. Coombs against them, the Middlesex men got the ball most of the time; and as their tackling was really excellent, their opponents' attacks never came to anything. Their three-quarters, too, played a very dashing game, especially W. J. O'Kane, who got their first try by a fine run, and had a good share in the work which led up to the other. It was a most exhilarating game to watch—would that there were more like it.

England's Third International

At last England has won an international match. True, it was a match the English team could hardly have lost, being against France, the youngest of the international Rugby contestants, and although the margin was the large one of twenty-two points in England's favour at the close, no very startlingly good exhibition of football was given. The Oxonian, Tarr, certainly distinguished himself—he was at his very best. But the new partnership between Williamson and Hutchinson at half was not a pronounced success. Of course, Williamson is a man whose play needs knowing; he is so desperately quick in his passes, and the Yorkshireman was, apparently, not prepared for such lightning work. The chief point of interest in the game was the improvement of the Frenchmen. They tackled superbly, and soon showed that the match was not to be the runaway affair which had been anticipated. Indeed, if they could have gone on playing as they did for the first half-hour, the score against them would have been small; but they have yet to learn how to last.

ASSOCIATION FOOTBALL

The University Teams

If Oxford go on scoring goals in the happy-hearted manner they have been indulging in in their recent matches, they will take a lot of beating by Cambridge at Queen's Club. Eight goals to none against the Old Carthusians is a pretty good score, even granting that the defence was not strong, and it is clear that with a score of over twenty goals in three successive matches, the Oxford forwards are a readier and better set of shots than have been in residence for some time. Cambridge, on the other hand, seem to be going off in their play. Against the Corinthians they could not score, whereas Morgan Owen got through three times for the Corinthians. It was not a very good game, the combination of both sides being very ragged. The Cambridge half-backs did not make a good line; they were out of place nearly all the time.

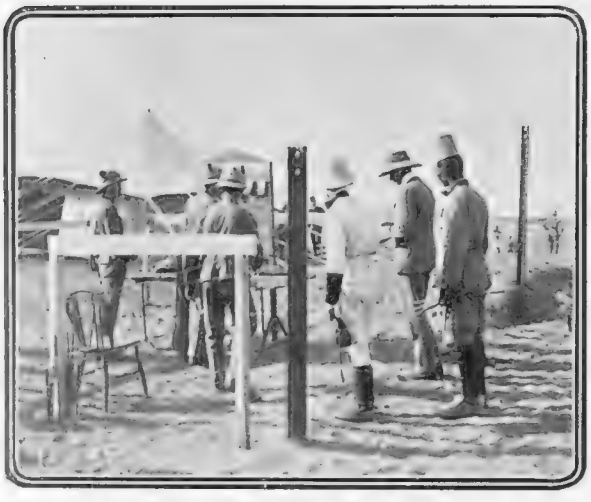
"The Levantine Riviera"

Mr. Reynolds Ball's "Mediterranean Winter Resorts," which is now in its sixth edition, is too well known to need recommendation, and those who may be contemplating a visit to the beautiful strip of coast from Genoa to Pisa should obtain the same writer's "Levantine Riviera" (Reynolds Ball's Guides, 27, Chancery Lane: 2*s.* 6*d.* net.), which is the only English guide-book devoted exclusively to this region. Every health resort is well described, and some interesting chapters are devoted to the history, language, art, and folklore of this neighbourhood. A welcome feature, also, is the inclusion of twenty illustrations from new photographs.

Racing at Khartum

THE SUDANESE CAPITAL HOLDS ITS SECOND WINTER RACE MEETING

The Frontier Native Band Discourses Sweet Music at the Khartum Race Meeting



Taking a Ticket at the Totalisator

It will be noticed that the leather-lunged bookmaker is absent at Khartum, and his place taken by this simple pari-mutuel, which was run by the N.C.O.'s of the Coldstream Guards

Trying to Get "On To" a Real Good Thing

Though there was provided a *soi-disant* paddock, it was a very different affair from the shady enclosures familiar in this country, being merely a railed-in portion of the sandy desert

Photos *Graphic Photo Union*

Getting Ready to Start for the Big Race, that for the Buchanan Cup, Won by Captain Dickinson's Beylan (Owner up)

The season is now in full swing in Upper Egypt, and the Khartum Racing Club's Second Meeting was held on January 14 and 16 last. The sport was excellent, and the great race was for the Buchanan Cup, which Captain Dickinson won on his horse Beylan. The Sirdar and Lady Wingate were present on both days. Among the well-known people who have recently been staying at Khartum are Lord and Lady Roberts and their daughters, Sir William Mather and his son, and Lord and Lady Rothes, while the Duke and Duchess of Schleswig-Holstein and, later, the Duke and Duchess of Connaught, are expected

An Attack on Flying

I have on this page from time to time advocated all sorts of occupations, hobbies, and interests for women; but I pause before the latest craze. I am dead against flying. Not that I, therefore, wish to interfere with the liberty of the subject. Let those women fly by all means who like flying. But I shudder lest the thing may become too fashionable, so fashionable that one felt one *must* do it under pain of social degradation, or, again, that the sport might be heralded as of such value for the growing race that it should be included in the curriculum of girls' schools with other essentials. Even worse would be the plight if flying were introduced into the elementary schools. Nor am I a bit reconciled by the words of one of the famous Wright brothers on the subject. He says, so it is declared by the Press, that to learn to fly on his machine is not much more difficult than to learn to ride a bicycle.

A Women's Aero Club

From aeroplane to airship is an easy transition. Mme. Lurcoup and her friends have opened an aeronautic club for ladies. She is the wife of the distinguished French airship constructor; and the club numbers somewhere about thirty women. Here is another venture! Personally, I am quite content in walking firmly upon the surface of this planet; it is true that I do sometimes burrow in the earth (by means of the London Tubes) for mere convenience sake, but I don't like it, and to take a trip among the clouds for no particular reason (since neither pleasure nor ambition would be reasons to me), with the possible *finale* of descending into the middle of the ocean, or upon a rock, or a tree top, or a chimney, offers me but little fascination. At present, it is impossible to reach any other planet (like you reach the next station in the Tubes), so one is bound to set out and return without definite object. Perhaps when the science is developed, and I feel the inducement of going out to tea, we will say, with an inhabitant of Mars, I may feel differently. Anyway, Mme. Lurcoup feels differently. A contemporary reports her to have said, "Ballooning is infinitely finer than motoring. One of our great features will be midnight balloon trips. I can conceive nothing more poetic"—(give me safe, if humdrum, prose)—"than moonlight trips in the air; but as we realise that many men will object to their wives and sisters going up alone"—(all honour to Mme. Lurcoup to retain such consideration for relatives amidst the perilous excitements of aeronautics)—"we have decided to admit male members to our club, though they will have no voice in its management." Then come the dread words wherein I see the germ of the fashion of flying. "When aviation becomes more advanced, we shall also take up aeroplaning." I am glad she is waiting till it does become more advanced, because I do not want to see the destruction of too many of my sisters.

Miss Elsie Graham

A charming and talented actress, who is now playing the part of Lady Wanley in *Jack Straw* on tour

Too Much Liberty

Public taste at the moment is deplorable, but that is scarcely a reason why the newspapers of England, instead of endeavouring to raise, should pander to it. Nothing is sacred now, nothing is, apparently—well, quite the reverse of sacred! The most detestable details of divorce cases are printed in respectable (!) journals; notoriety, while it is sought by the modern, is welcomed; mere adventurers and adventuresses are lauded to the skies, fêted, financed, and proposed to, till half the silly, weak-brained persons feel it shabby and almost wrong to earn a decent, ordinary, respectable living. Murders and suicides are the topics of the hour, tragedies reign supreme, people who are too cowardly to stop and face life in this world leave letters that saints might have written—only these latter would never have been so cheeky; and such things are published till pity, yes, and sympathy, lies with the wrongdoer. Virtue is going out of fashion; vice, so it be sufficiently melodramatic, is sure of a hearing.

LADY PHYLLIS.

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Kenley	20	Lee-on-the-Solent	16	Magor	16	Minsterley	32	North Kent	9	Peterboro'	4
Ketton	17	Leamington	12	Maidenhead	75	Missenden	40	Northleach	12	Petworth	17
Kilrea	7	Leatherhead	5	Maldon	6	Mitcheldean	8	Northampton	10	Pinner	8
Kingsclere	6	Leavesden	1	Malton	29	Moffat	3	North Somerset	4	Pitminster	2
Kings Kettle	1	Lexden and Stanway	2	Malmesbury	4	Nailsworth	5	North Walsham	5	Pontefract	14
Kingsley Holt	9	Lingfield	33	Mangotsfield	1	Nevin	4	North Warwickshire	36	Pontypool	6
Kingswaldenbury	1	Lismore	18	Margam	13	Newmarket	1	Norton Canes	7	Porlock	30
Kingswood	21	Llanbedr	29	Market Bosworth	20	Newmillerdam	2	Norwich	51	Portsmouth	5
Kingsbridge	23	Llanfair	33	Marlow	53	Newport	7	Nunney	8	Potters Bar	9
Kington	1	Llanharan	5	Mawnan	12	Newport Pagnell	21	Ongar	4	Preston	5
Kinson	1	Llantarnam	9	Melksham	14	Newton Abbot	37	Overbury	24	Princes Risborough	25
Knaresboro'	3	Long Eaton	21	Mells	7	Newton Solney	19	Oxshott	32	Radstock	79
Knebworth	10	Lustleigh	11	Middlesex	21	Newton Stewart	68	Paddock Wood	1	Ramsey	6
Langford	7	Lydney	8	Midsomer Norton	26	Northam	2	Paignton	4	Ramsgate	8
Laxfield	2	Lymington	2	Mid Somerset	3	North-East Somerset	9	Panteg	5	Rayleigh	6
Lazonby	3	Lyminster	2	Milborne St. Andrew	8	Northfield	3	Penistone	4		

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RACING: Handicap "Doubles." By CARBINE

Good Sport at Sandown

Racing at Sandown is always enjoyable when the weather is fine, and there is no meeting more deservedly popular with regular racegoers. Last week-end the conditions were favourable all round, especially on Saturday. The biggest surprise was in the chief event on Saturday, the Prince of Wales's Steeplechase, which fell to a 10 to 1 chance in Shady Girl, who is trained in the same stable as Mr. Assheton-Smith's horses. Of the latter, Cackler, to everyone's regret, was not brought out, and the owner's substitute, Rough Pup, gave a poor show. One interesting feature of the race was the bold show of Leinster. He will win a good race shortly. From what I saw of this event I should recommend readers to keep Judas in mind. But for making a mistake two or three fences from home he would have been in the first three, and he was well backed. Merry John, too, ran really well up to a point, and should be followed.

Some Likely Doubles

There are a good many withdrawals from the Lincolnshire Handicap, including Land League, Santeve, Simonson, and one or two other notable horses. Solferino is now at the top of the handicap, and there can be no telling what this flyer cannot do when in his best form. It is a little doubtful, however, whether a mile is not a bit too far for him. As I said last week, Kaffir Chief has been given a good chance of repeating his former success. It all depends, of course, upon whether he has deteriorated or not, but there is no solid reason for supposing that he is a worse horse than at this time last season. I have already warned my readers to keep their eye on The Tower; he is a big tip in some quarters. Sagamore is being freely mentioned as having a first-rate chance, but he has been such a disappointing creature that I am disinclined to fancy him. Duke of Sparta is another tip, but better than these I like Arranmore, who has run well over the Lincoln course, and Raeberry, who is exceedingly fast. Several correspondents have urged me to give them a likely "double" for the Grand National and Lincoln. With these events still six weeks ahead, one is naturally diffident about expressing a definite opinion, but the following combinations suggest themselves to me at the moment:—

Arranmore and Mattie Macgregor.

Raeberry and Mattie Macgregor.

Kaffir Chief and King of the Scarlets.

These should yield some very tempting odds. It is only right to point out that Arranmore belongs to Mr. S. B. Joel, who also has Poor Boy in the Lincoln, and no decision will be made as to which of the pair shall carry his colours until a week or two before the race. People who will have "doubles" so early in the day must take these risks.

Selections

There is plenty of good racing in prospect this week at Leicester and Hurst Park. On Wednesday, the Oadby Hurdle Race looks interesting with such candidates as Holy War, Bruges, Perseus II., and **Redmond,** and of these cracks I prefer the last. On the following day, the Worksop Steeplechase should be taken by **Leinster.** The programme at Hurst Park at the end of the week bristles with attractions, and the Open Steeplechase on Friday bids fair to bring out some of the most prominent Grand National candidates. I expect to see the success of **Jerry M.** On the following day, the February Maiden Hurdle Race may fall to **Bruges.**

Photo] **One of the Surprises at Gatwick: Taking the First Hurdle in the Horleyland Hurdle Race** [*Dixon*

The Gatwick Meeting was distinguished by many surprises, and, not to spoil the record, the Horleyland Selling Handicap Hurdle Race (2 miles) produced one more, in the unexpected victory of Mr. J. Hare's unfancied Honore (J. Dillon up), which, after lagging in the rear for most of the course, ended by winning by a length from Mr. R. Leech's Santa Claus. The winner was bought in for 100 guineas

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THE LIBRARY

BOOKS OF THE WEEK

"In the Potter's House." By George Dyre Eldridge. (Methuen: 6s.)
"Syrinx." By Laurence North. (Heinemann: 6s.)
"The Story of Virginia Perfect." By Miss Peggy Webling. (Methuen: 6s.)

A Powerful Novel

We shall hear more of Mr. George Dyre Eldridge, an American author, whose work, I believe, is quite new to this country, for *In the Potter's House* (Methuen: 6s.) is one of the most striking books that has come to hand for some time past. It may be termed a drama of the struggles and vicissitudes of a girl's love amid the sordidness and narrowness of country life and the horror of that most heartless of all codes, a bigoted and ignorant (so-called) Christianity. Though New England is the stage upon which this life-drama is enacted, one could, almost in every case, equally well read Suffolk or Yorkshire, for human nature is alike the world over, even in the prejudices and conventions of its rustic population.

Three Character Studies

Amanda Seagrave, a farmer's daughter, with feelings and aspirations more finely tuned than those of the rest of the sons and daughters of the soil with whom she comes into contact, is attracted by the physical strength and manfulness of Joe Ashgrave, one of The Potter's "vessels of a more ungainly make . . . leaning all awry," as Omar sings. Under a mingled stress of fancied love and fascination she makes a fatal step, almost simultaneously realising her truer love for Barnaby, Parson Craig's brother, who had recently visited the district. On the one hand comes the harrowing yet beautiful story of Amanda's sufferings, and her obedience to what the narrow theology of her people demands of her, while on the other is the intimate study of Ashgrave, whose nature "all awry" battles with his finer self and his well-nigh irresistible physical passion. Equally well drawn, though somewhat more in the background, is Simeon Craig, the prophet of an adamantine school of Calvinistic theology, which one realises from experience is yet existent, though in a milder form, in rural districts in our own land. The depiction of the final triumph of the greatness and beauty of their finer human nature forms a novel of notable character study.

"Present Day Decadents"

It is difficult quite to fathom whether Mr. Laurence North, the author of *Syrinx* (Heinemann: 6s.), is a whole-hearted member of some such circle as "The Polite Outcasts," a modern phase of the æsthetic school of twenty years ago, which he describes in his book, or whether he is merely writing with his tongue in his cheek. Probably neither is quite the correct solution, and I incline to the belief that he is, like Agrippa, one who is "almost persuaded." In any case, the man and woman of to-day will find little to sympathise with in the erotic atmosphere of half-educated Hellenism, epigram, and artificiality in which Aspasia Herrick works—a thing she despises—and lives and has her being. After quasi-platonic affairs with an artist, an Oxford Don, and a sculptor, she ends by marrying a pedant, a class against which she is ever tilting, in the person of an Italian Professor. No one knows better than a journalist (termed by Aspasia "the meanest of God's creatures) the pitfalls of proof-reading, but the glaring and innumerable errors, only a few of which are exposed in an "errata" after the preface, hardly do the book credit.

A Successful Middle-Class Study

After the hot-house atmosphere of the foregoing, it is a relief to turn to Miss Peggy Webling's *The Story of Virginia Perfect* (Methuen: 6s.). True, the same charge of artificiality may be brought against it in the matter of its plot, for fiction nowadays must necessarily be so much more commonplace than fact. But all this is atoned for by the delightful humanity and warmth of the characters, Bohemian and otherwise, one is brought into contact with. Virginia herself, though she wears a fringe and is only the daughter of a poor Bayswater curio dealer, is a type of womanhood it is good to meet in fiction, though better still to meet in real life, as we sometimes do. Womanly, natural, loving, believing the best of everybody, yet without a trace of mawkishness or undue introspection, she is seen in her early married life with Reginald Perfect, an ordinary, animal class of man, whose very weakness of character makes him a tyrant.

"The Girl with a Fringe"

Then come the trials and struggles of Virginia's widowhood, and the growth of her acquaintance with Wilfred Keble, the large-hearted but feeble-healthed *Punch* artist, who, at a chance meeting at Southend, had taken her for his famous sketch, "The Girl With a Fringe," and who has, even in her husband's time, unwittingly been the good angel of the household. Jarring, however, were it not for the author's transparent belief in her characters, is Virginia's declaration of love to "W. K.," the name by which the artist is universally known and loved, when his life's span seems on the point of breaking, and his final recovery and marriage. But even this falling from grace, in an artistic sense, cannot destroy the charm of the book and its people. It does one good to meet these natural, human, and yet ordinary men and women of Bohemia, Bayswater, and Clerkenwell, and feel the quiet romance and beauty which may enshroud their lives with an even greater charm than the denizens of Mayfair and Monte Carlo.

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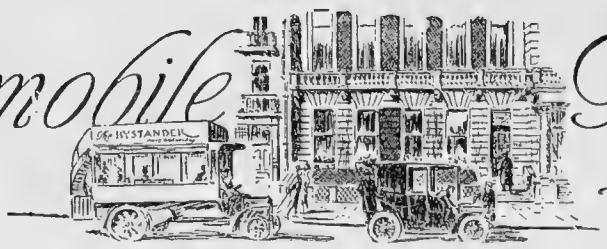
Automobile Topics



By COMYNS BEAUMONT

Those Tramcars Again

Once again I have to refer to a case in which the Local Government Board regulation concerning the passing of overtaken vehicles forms the text for still further insistence upon the necessity for immediate amendment of the law. Two drivers of motor vehicles were convicted and fined at Brentford for passing a tramcar on the left or near side, in spite of the fact, as stated in Court, that on the off side progress at the time was impracticable owing to approaching traffic. The Legal Department of the Royal Automobile Club has communicated with the Clerk to the Brentford magistrates, asking him to call the attention of the Bench to certain remarks made by the Lord Chief Justice in giving judgment on the issue Burton *v.* Nicholson. Said his Lordship, "No doubt magistrates, in dealing with the matter, would not punish or impose penalties or entertain a case where there had been what might properly be termed a mere technical breach." These remarks, following, as they did, a strong pronouncement from the Lord Chief that the existing regulations should be altered at once, were doubtless meant as a kind of unofficial guide to magistrates to exercise discretion in favour of a sympathetic interpretation of the facts of all cases of the kind brought under their notice.

An Absurd Regulation

In how very few instances, however, do we see any manifestation of the spirit of tolerance where motorists are concerned. I hope the R.A.C. will pursue the matter to the hilt, as it is one which closely concerns every automobilist in the kingdom, to say nothing of other road-users. Meanwhile, a contemporary has suggested that tram-lines should be deflected to the edge of the kerb at certain stopping-places, but to this I take exception, as, apart from the needless expense involved and the awkwardness of having to run in the centre of the road between two divergent sets of lines, there would always be the danger, at night time more especially, of an overtaking vehicle being "nipped" between the tramcar and the pavement. Briefly, the sooner the absurd regulation is wiped out, the better will it be for all concerned.

The CLAUDEL-HOBSON Carburettor has received the Highest Award Gold Medal from the Automobile Club of France for Carburettor competition.—H. M. HOBSON, Ltd., 29, Vauxhall Bridge Road, S.W., are Sole Concessionnaires.

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Motor Sleighing at Chamonix: Lieut. de la Besse on his 4½ h.-p. Austral

A sleigh of any sort is so rare a sight in this country that it is at first hard to realise that the motor variety has so increased in numbers on Alpine roads that a special competition for motor-sleighs was recently held at Chamonix, Lieut. de la Besse being the winner in his Austral sleigh. The vehicle is propelled, it will be noticed, by the diagonally ridged wheels which grip the surface of the ice or snow over which the sleigh is travelling

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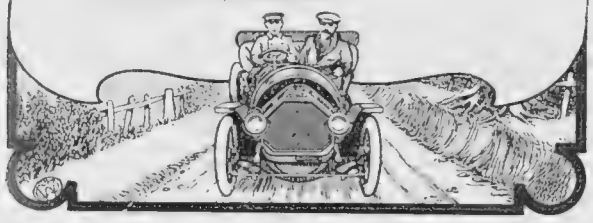

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Touring in Comfort I am really charmed with the new Dunlop large-stud non-skid tyres I recently fitted to my Gladiator car. I have in my time used many different makes of tyre, and have found occasion frequently to speak in terms of high praise of many of them, but for all-round satisfaction and comfort in winter work, I have not yet met the equal of these new Dunlops. Although the steel studs stand out with almost startling boldness from the tread, the resilience of the tyre is in no wise diminished, and when driving there is a feeling that the speed of the car has been accelerated from six to ten miles an hour. Occupants of the tonneau tell me that the comfort of riding there is greatly enhanced by the smooth running. I shall be pleased to hear from those of my readers who have any experience of these remarkable tyres.

COMYNS BEAUMONT.

Miscellanea

At five o'clock on the afternoon of Thursday, March 18, the annual general meeting of the Automobile Proprietary, Ltd., and of the members of the Royal Automobile Club will be held at 119, Piccadilly, W. On the same evening, at Covent Garden, members of the R.A.C. will assemble for the yearly prandial function.

Board of Trade statistics for 1908 give the net value of imports of motor-cars, cycles, and accessories, including tyres, as £3,805,312.

The Wolseley-Siddeley Company have just put on the market a three-point sparking plug, which is certain to commend itself to motorists. Among its advantages are the fact that the Siddeley plug has no asbestos or mica-packed joints. The porcelain insulator is not subjected to pressure by a screwed gland, the joint is absolutely gas tight, and the sparking points being made of a special metal do not burn under the strongest magneto spark. These plugs, which are priced at 4s. 6d., may be had from all Siddeley agents.

Two new Darracq models are announced—a single-cylinder 7-9 h.-p. chassis, with two-seated body, and a four-cylinder 18 h.-p. type, with five-seated side-entrance body, to be sold complete as £345.

Mr. T. H. Woollen, undismayed by the inclement weather, took a most original route to Edinburgh on his 25 h.-p. Clement-Talbot. Knowing the prowess of his car as a hill-climber, and not being unduly obsessed with the idea of record-breaking, Mr. Woollen ran up to Newcastle, and went thence over the Cheviots and by Hawick, Selkirk, Galashiels, and Dalkeith into "auld Reekie." He reports a most enjoyable trip, with no trouble of any kind whatever.

ANOTHER LADY MOTORIST.—Miss Paterson, who lately distinguished herself at Brooklands, drove a 16 h.-p. Imperia car from London to Edinburgh without a stop through what is described as fearful weather, with fog, snow, hail, and rain, and over many miles of unrolled metal. Miss Paterson, who was thirty-eight hours at the wheel, writes in very eulogistic terms of the Continental non-skid tyres on her car, which gave no trouble at all, and did not lose a stud.

The Prince Henry Trophy tour in Germany, which, as motorists know, succeeded the Herkomer event, will take place this year from June 10 to 18. The course is from Berlin to Munich, *via* Breslau, Budapest, Vienna, and Salzburg, and there will be two speed tests *en route*. Four and six-cylinder cars from 7 h.-p. to 28 h.-p. only are eligible.

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"The Sketch," January 13, 1909, says:—

"This small waistcoat-pocket diary shou'd be in the possession of every sportsman. It is bound in Royal Red leather, has a patent fastener, amongst the most adroit of its kind, the leaves are gilt-edged, and a natty little nickel-plated pencil is cunningly lodged within the book, while for beauty and neatness it is impossible to believe that it has its equal. The Calendar is episcopal, financial, astronomical. In addition to the daily diary, it contains a lot of useful information which the racing man will appreciate, including a list of Flat and Steeplechase Meetings for 1909, lengths of Newmarket Courses, comparative tables of English and Foreign weights and distances, also the colours of the most prominent French owners with the English equivalent. This is to enable Englishmen who go racing in Paris and elsewhere on the Continent to distinguish the horses. It also has Mr. Gant's terms of business, while it can safely be said that no rules ever devised by mortal man can show such fairness and liberality in every way to clients, as "No Limit," "No Commission," "No Deductions," are three of their features. Another of Mr. Gant's business methods is that all cheques in payment of Clients' winnings are signed in an assumed name, so that the nature of the business does not transpire when Mr. Gant's cheques are paid away. It is sent free to all existing and prospective clients upon written application to Mr. D. M. Gant, Member of Tattersalls', 25, Conduit Street, London, W."

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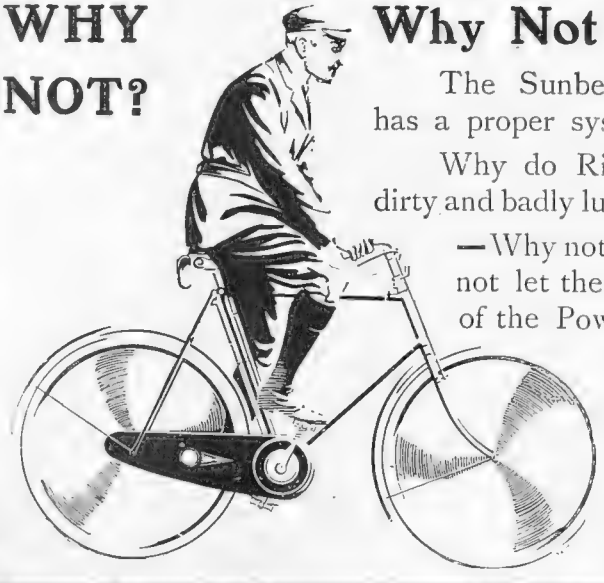

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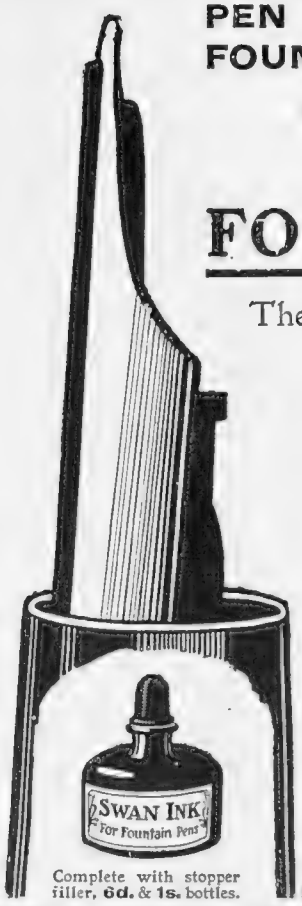

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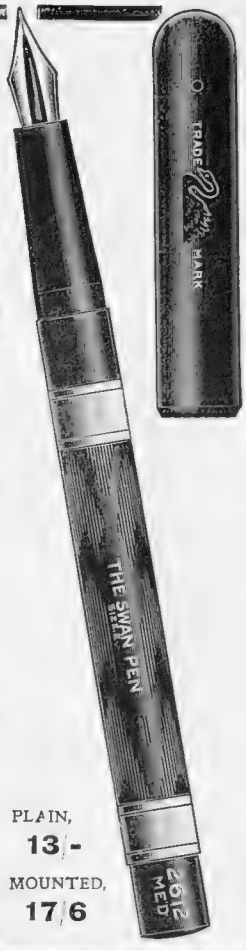

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Early Pruning of Roses

The long shoots of roses on arches, pergolas, or walls are often blown away from their supports in winter, and unless they are fastened up immediately they are likely to be broken. Some of the unripened tips may be shortened, and if any pruning which can be done now is cleared out of the way, it will relieve the pressure of work later. Much depends on the weather, but if it is fairly mild there are various classes of roses which may be pruned at the beginning of February. Among them are the Ayrshires, the Boursaults, the sempervirens section, the Rugosas, the Provence, and the moss roses. Under glass, hybrid perpetuals, teas, and hybrid teas growing in pots should be pruned at once. After pot roses have been pruned they should be sprayed daily until they start. The moisture softens the bark and helps the buds to burst through it. No fertilisers should be used until they are wanted—that is, after growth has begun—and the amount of water should be regulated in the same way; it should bear some proportion to the amount and condition of the foliage.

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The majority of climbers may be planted at any time in open weather. Among those that are most useful for walls are those with a self-clinging habit, such as Ampelopsis Veitchii, a charming plant for a west aspect, for while in autumn its foliage is more brilliant in colour than any flowers, it is scarcely less beautiful in spring and in summer. There is sometimes a difficulty in getting it, when newly planted, to cling. In such cases the wall is generally, if not invariably, a very dry one, and if it is frequently syringed the climber will soon begin to adhere. This it does by means of soft pads at the extremities of its tendrils. These pads act in much the same way as a boy's leather sucker. When they get old and woody they hold so firmly that they often cannot be detached without bringing away flakes of the stone or brick to which they have been adhering. They are always borne on the tendrils, but remain small unless they come in contact with a solid body which is also more or less damp. The probable cause is the resistance, for strain on any part of a plant increases its functional activity, and consequently its development, and as absorption is not confined to the leaves, the moisture helps the result.

Photo **The Rose Garden and Sundial at Shiplake Court** [*King*

If the weather is fairly mild, most roses may be pruned at this period

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3 reception rooms, billiard room, 10 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, 2 boxrooms; model farmbuildings in faultless order; 60 acres old pasture, 55 acres arable; soil, loam on gravel.—Inspected and highly recommended by KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 9, Conduit Street, W. (4,133)

SUFFOLK (standing on high ground, with good views; 10 minutes' walk of station).—To be LET or SOLD, a very attractive RESIDENCE, containing: dining room (20ft. by 18ft.), double drawing room opening into conservatory, morning room (19ft. by 10ft.), 7 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms, etc.; gas and water laid on; nicely timbered grounds of between 3 and 4 acres, laid out in terraces; tennis and croquet lawns, fine avenue of limes, well-stocked kitchen garden, good vinery, etc.; golf course about 2 miles distant; hunting with the Suffolk, East Essex, and Essex and Suffolk Foxhounds.—Photograph and further particulars of Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 9, Conduit Street, London, W. (4,178)

NEARLY 800FT. ABOVE SEA LEVEL. BETWEEN TUNBRIDGE WELLS AND THE COAST.

FOR SALE, the above picturesque RESIDENCE in an ideal situation, with South aspect: 4 reception, billiard, and 17 bed and dressing rooms, 2 bathrooms, and usual offices; stabling for 8; tastefully arranged pleasure grounds, and pasture-land, in all about 21 acres; Company's water; acetylene gas; close to excellent golf links.—Price and full particulars of Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 9, Conduit Street, W. (3,924)

40 MINUTES OF TOWN (pleasantly situated in a quiet road, 10 minutes' walk of a station).—To be SOLD, the above picturesque well-built RESIDENCE, containing: entrance hall with fireplace, dining room (18ft. 6in. by 17ft. 9in.) with beamed ceiling, drawing room (20ft. 6in. by 18ft 6in.) with French casements to garden, morning room (16ft. by 12ft.), 7 bed and dressing rooms bathroom (h. and c.), etc.; brick-built and slated motor-house, with inspection pit; electric light; Company's gas and water; main drainage; within easy reach of good golf course; picturesque garden of about an acre, containing beech, oak, silver beech, and other trees, clumps of rhododendrons, rustic pergola, and full-sized tennis court.—Further particulars of the Agents, Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 9, Conduit Street, W. Inspected and recommended. (4,166)

"CHEQUERS COURT," BUCKS (1½ miles from Little Kimble Station, 2½ miles from Wendover Station, 65 minutes from London).—To be LET, on Lease, with the shooting. "Chequers Court" is a beautiful old house with many historical associations, and restored and partially rebuilt in 1566. It stands on the Chiltern Hills, between Aylesbury and Great Missenden, some 600ft. above sea level, with open views to the south and south-west, and is well protected on the north and east by the heavy beech woods. The House is situated in the centre of the

PARK OF ABOUT 300 ACRES,

and is approached by two drives with entrance lodges. It is of Tudor character, in red brick with old stone mullioned windows, and presents a pleasing and dignified appearance. The House contains: lofty central hall (33ft. square) with gallery, dining room (37ft. by 21ft.), drawing room (37ft. by 21ft.), fine library (83ft. by 16ft.), morning room, smoking room and boudoir, and there are some 30 bed and dressing rooms; gravel soil.

CHARMING OLD GARDENS AND GROUNDS.

Extensive stabling, shooting over 2,700 acres, including some 600 acres of covert.—Full particulars of Messrs. CORBOULD, RIGBY and Co, Solicitors, 1, Henrietta Street, W.; Messrs. BECK and ELLIS, Great Missenden; or of Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 9, Conduit Street, London, W.

TELEGRAMS: "Galleries, London"

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Offices: 9, CONDUIT STREET, LONDON, W.

TELEPHONES: 1942 Gerrard (National) 497 Mayfair (Post Office)

Telephones: 1505 MAYFAIR. 3645 GERRARD.

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10, MOUNT STREET, GROSVENOR SQUARE, LONDON, W.

Telegraphic Address: "WALTONS, LONDON."

NEWBURY DISTRICT.—Very choice Freehold RESIDENTIAL ESTATE of about 150 acres, in a ring fence, to be SOLD. It comprises the above Family Mansion, electrically lighted and heated throughout, with handsome hall, billiard room, suite of reception rooms, about 20 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms, and complete domestic offices. The Residence stands on gravel soil, about 400ft. above sea level, in a well-timbered park, and is immediately surrounded by matured pleasure grounds; stabling for 10 horses, 2 entrance lodges, bailiff's house, and home farm.—Highly recommended by WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. Photos and plan. (20,275)

PRICE £6,000.

VALUABLE TIMBER INCLUDED.

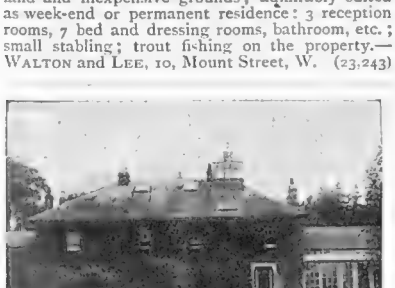
NOT LIKELY TO REMAIN LONG ON THE MARKET.

RESIDENTIAL ESTATE OF 178 ACRES; TWO MILES OF SALMON AND TROUT FISHING.

AMIDST LOVELY SCENERY, in a beautiful part of WALES, close to a station.—To be SOLD, a capital COUNTRY HOUSE, with stabling, model farmery; pretty but inexpensive grounds; standing on the banks of the Tivy, which flows through the Property: 11 bed and dressing rooms, 2 bathrooms, 3 reception rooms, ample offices. The fishing includes one of the best salmon pools in the river. Hunting and shooting.—Personally inspected and strongly recommended by WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount St., W. (20,828)

SEVENOAKS (near; lovely district). — £3,200 WILL PURCHASE a charming RESIDENCE, standing on HIGH GROUND, with FINE VIEWS and SOUTH ASPECT: 3 reception rooms, 12 BED AND DRESSING ROOMS, bathroom, and offices; excellent stabling, coach or motor-house, etc.; LOVELY GROUNDS, rose gardens, kitchen garden, etc.—WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (23,250)

HINDHEAD DISTRICT (very beautiful rural situation, well away from building development).—For SALE, a DELIGHTFUL LITTLE HOUSE OF BIJOU CHARACTER, standing high on sand rock, amidst extensive gorse and bracken-covered land and inexpensive grounds; admirably suited as week-end or permanent residence: 3 reception rooms, 7 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, etc.; small stabling; trout fishing on the property.—WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (23,243)



12 MILES FROM LONDON, and close to a station in a favourite part of Hertfordshire.—To be SOLD, Freehold, an exceedingly attractive RESIDENTIAL PROPERTY of about 10 acres, comprising the above medium-sized house with spacious rooms, occupying a well-chosen site 375ft. above sea level; stabling for 5, men's rooms, and lodge entrance; fully matured shady grounds, walled kitchen garden, and glasshouses; gas and water laid on, and modern sanitary arrangements. Series of views at offices.—WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (23,011)

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MESSRS. WALTON and LEE publish two large illustrated REGISTERS, containing a selection of the best RESIDENTIAL ESTATES, Country Residences, Shootings, Hunting Boxes, Fishings, etc., for SALE or to be LET, Furnished or Unfurnished, in all parts of the United Kingdom. The best and most reliable published. On receipt of a memorandum indicating the class of property required, Messrs. WALTON and LEE will return a specially marked list, showing at a glance descriptions of those places answering the requirements of the applicant.—Offices, 10, Mount St., London, W.

OXHOTT AND COBHAM (between).—£3,500 will PURCHASE the above charming HOUSE and 3 acres of lovely grounds; high, open, and healthy situation; 8 minutes from station; sandy soil; 9 bedrooms, bathroom (h. and c.), good reception rooms, lounge hall; electric light; Company's water.—WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (23,100)

PINE WOOD DISTRICT (10 minutes' walk from an important junction, with an unexcelled service of trains to Town, which is reached in about half an hour).—To be SOLD, an exceptionally attractive Freehold PROPERTY of about NINE ACRES, and comprising the above well-arranged Residence, with short carriage drive approach: 4 reception rooms, 8 bedrooms, bathroom, capital domestic offices, including servants' hall, 2 staircases; gas and water laid on; sandy soil; substantial stabling for 3, and coachman's dwelling; matured pleasure grounds with shrubberies, flower gardens, and extensive well-kept lawns for croquet and tennis; productive kitchen garden and suitable glasshouses; 3 paddocks; the Property would be Sold in its entirety, or the principal part with an area of about FOUR ACRES.—Inspected and recommended by WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. Views and Plan. (22,687)

PETERSFIELD AND HINDHEAD DISTRICT.

£1,450 WITH 2 ACRES (25 acres available).—QUAINT OLD FARMHOUSE, MODERNISED, occupying a very pleasant position, with good views, and containing: 3 reception rooms and 7 or 8 bedrooms, studio or billiard room; stabling for 2, cow-house, etc.; good water and drainage; large tennis lawn; well-stocked garden; golf links in district.—Apply, Messrs. WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (19,110)

40 MINUTES FROM THE CITY.

THE ABOVE CHARMING GEORGIAN RESIDENCE, with grounds and parklike lands of 13 ACRES. To be SOLD, or LET, Furnished; in a delightful rural situation, 300ft. above sea; good views: 11 bed and dressing rooms, 2 bathrooms, drawing and dining rooms, billiard room, magnificent lounge hall, ample offices; stabling for 5, man's rooms, farmery, and 3 cottages; well-timbered pleasure grounds, kitchen garden, meadowland; Company's water; gas. 1½ miles from 2 stations.—Inspected by WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (22,079)

BEAUTIFUL PART OF HERTS.

UNDER ONE HOUR BY MAIN LINE FROM LONDON.

CONSIDERABLY REDUCED PRICE.

A QUAINT AND BEAUTIFUL ELIZABETHAN RESIDENCE, on high ground, in MINIATURE and BEAUTIFULLY WOODED PARK; South aspect; dry soil; charming lounge hall, oak-panelled reception rooms, 15 bed and dressing rooms, and very complete offices; good stabling, cottages, etc.; magnificently timbered old-world grounds, productive gardens, etc.; water laid on.—WALTON and LEE, 10 Mount Street, W. (22,168)

QUICK SALE DESIRED.

NOMINAL PRICE.

ATHERSTONE COUNTRY (in the centre of), near Ashby-de-la-Zouch, Derby and Leicester borders.—£1,200 only for Georgian HUNTING BOX with 4 acres; stabling for 6; good grounds, kitchen garden, glasshouses, orchard, and paddock; 10 bedrooms, 4 reception rooms, ample offices; 1½ miles from station. — WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (23,264)

HANTS (close to one of the best stretches of the RIVER TEST).—To be SOLD, at a moderate price, a most substantially built, attractive, red-brick COUNTRY HOUSE, occupying a fairly high situation, a mile from a station, 4 miles from Andover; capital stabling motor and coach-house; well-timbered, pretty grounds, tennis and croquet lawn, kitchen garden, greenhouse, and meadows, in all 10 ACRES: 11 BED AND DRESSING ROOMS, bath (h. and c.), 4 reception rooms, servants' hall, and offices; modern drainage; excellent water supply.—Inspected and recommended by WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (23,257)

DORKING (close to Boxhill).—To be SOLD or LET, Unfurnished, the above charming old-fashioned HOUSE, well away from motor dust, approached by private road; lovely and well-timbered grounds of 2 acres, fruit and vegetable gardens, glasshouses; 2 cottages; 7 bedrooms, bathroom (h. and c.), 3 good reception rooms, conservatory, and offices; stabling for 3 horses; gas and water; modern drainage. Moderate price.—WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (19,893)

Telegrams: "Everything, London"

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Telephone: Kensington 3300 (60 lines).

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CHELMSFORD DISTRICT (2½ miles of station; 40 minutes of City).—To be SOLD at a ridiculously low price the above old-fashioned RESIDENCE with oak beams, 300ft. above sea level: panelled hall, 4 reception rooms, 12 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom; stabling for 2 horses; pretty old-world gardens, tennis lawn, etc.
PRICE £2,300 OR NEAR OFFER.
Golf links 2½ miles.—Strongly recommended by the Agents, HARRODS (Ltd.), as above. (S 3,230)

OXFORDSHIRE CHILTERNS (650ft. up).—To be SOLD, charmingly placed RESIDENCE, magnificent views, near noted Huntercombe golf links; grounds of 2 acres: 3 reception, 6 bedrooms, bathroom; stabling for 2. Price, £1,600.—Agents, HARRODS (Ltd.), as above.

35 MINUTES' MOTOR RUN OF MARBLE ARCH.—Charming old-world PLACE, shaded by cedars of Lebanon 200 years old, surrounded by 11 acres of gardens and grass: 10 bed and dressing, bath, billiard, and 4 reception; stabling and men's rooms. Lease expiring 1917 at £160; or would be LET, Furnished. Inspected and recommended.—HARRODS (Ltd.), as above.

HOVE (a few minutes of the sea).—An exceptionally well-built RESIDENCE, containing: entrance hall, 3 reception, 9 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, and excellent domestic offices; small garden, greenhouse; electric light and gas; every convenience; perfect repair.
PRICE £2,300 FREEHOLD,
or would be LET on Lease.—Inspected and strongly recommended by HARRODS (Ltd.), as above. (S 5,968)

TO YACHTSMEN.
HAMBLE RIVER AND SOUTHAMPTON WATER (overlooking anchorage and with view extending to Cowes).—£1,200 will BUY a COTTAGE RESIDENCE: 5 bed, bath, 3 reception; with rough stable and gardens of 3 acres.—HARRODS (Ltd.), as above.

INSPECTED AND RECOMMENDED.
30 MINUTES OF TOWN.—To be SOLD or LET, Unfurnished, an exceptionally well-built RESIDENCE, standing in pretty grounds of about 1 acre, with lawns, kitchen garden, vinery, peach-houses, fernery, and range of glasshouses: hall, 3 good reception, 12 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, servants' hall, etc.; electric light. Price £3,000.—Agents, HARRODS (Ltd.), as above.

£800 WILL PURCHASE an attractive HOUSE in one of the best parts of Brighton (close to sea and St. Ann's); well-stocked garden; hall, 3 reception, 6 bedrooms, housekeeper's room, and good domestic offices; every modern convenience.—Full details of HARRODS (Ltd.), as above. (S 8,348)

HERTS (near Hitchin).—To be SOLD, the above fine old
QUEEN ANNE RESIDENCE,
in excellent repair: large hall, oak staircase and gallery, 3 reception rooms, 11 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, etc.; stabling for 7 horses; detached ballroom.
BEAUTIFUL OLD GROUNDS.
—Full particulars of Agents, Messrs. HARRODS (Ltd.), as above.

ABOUT 1 HOUR FROM TOWN.—This charming RESIDENCE to LET, Furnished, for term of years: 16 bed and dressing, bath. 4 reception; stabling 8; picturesque garden surrounded by well-timbered park 150 acres; capital hunting; golf; electric light.—Agents, HARRODS (Ltd.), as above. (F 1,120)

LOVELY VIEWS OF STOUR VALLEY.
SUFFOLK AND ESSEX BORDERS.—To LET, Furnished, for the Summer, a charming RESIDENCE, occupying a fine high position on gravel soil: 9 bed, bath, 4 reception rooms; stabling; pretty grounds and beautifully timbered parklands.—Inspected and recommended by HARRODS (Ltd.), as above. (F 237)

MALVERN WELLS.—Beautifully Furnished RESIDENCE, on high ground, sheltered by well-grown trees: 10 bed, bath, 5 reception rooms; complete offices; exceptionally fine views from ground floor windows, pretty terrace gardens. For long or short periods.—Inspected and recommended by HARRODS (Ltd.), as above.

UNDER 50 MINUTES TOWN.
SHOOTING OVER 700 ACRES, affording excellent sport, good coverts, about 1 mile from station. Now available. — Owner's Agents, HARRODS (Ltd.), as above. (4,021)

£2,600.—**SURREY** (500ft. up, 40 minutes of City).—Lounge hall, 3 reception, 7 bed, bath; stabling or motor-house; 1½ acre, tennis lawn.—Inspected and recommended by HARRODS (Ltd.), as above.

TO GOLFERS PARTICULARLY.
HERTS AND BUCKS BORDERS.
350FT. HIGH.
G.C.R., 35 MINUTES FROM TOWN.
CLOSE TO GOLF LINKS.—An old-fashioned ivy-clad RESIDENCE, situated in fine open country, a drive from Amersham, Rickmansworth, and Chenies, to be SOLD. Accommodation: sitting hall (30ft. wide), 4 reception rooms, 7 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms; stabling for 7; old grounds of 6 acres, with tennis and croquet lawns, etc.; Company's water; modern drainage.—Box K 4,134, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, E.C.

35 MILES FROM TOWN. ABSOLUTELY RURAL.
TO BE SOLD.—A fine old stone-built HOUSE, covered in creepers, standing in 7 acres of glorious old grounds, specially noted for the filbert orchard. The House is in excellent order, and contains: 3 reception rooms, billiard room, and 6 bedrooms; stabling and outbuildings, paddock, etc.—Box K 4,022, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, E.C.

A GREAT SACRIFICE (35 minutes from Town).—A charming little HOUSE, with 3 reception and 7 bedrooms, in well-matured grounds of 1½ acres, with tennis lawn, etc.; stabling for 2 horses, with coach-house and outbuildings; will be Sold considerably below cost.—Apply, Box K 4,061, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, E.C.

CAPITAL FARM OF 146 ACRES.
SMALL GENTLEMAN'S HOUSE.
BUCKS AND BEDS BORDERS.—To be SOLD, a compact RESIDENTIAL FARM of 146 acres, with a pretty Residence, containing: 3 reception rooms, 5 bedrooms, bathroom, etc.; stabling for 9 horses.—Box K 4,064, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, E.C.

PARTICULARLY ADAPTED
FOR SCHOLASTIC PURPOSES.
A WONDERFULLY HEALTHY SITUATION,
800FT. ABOVE THE SEA.
SUSSEX.—To be LET or SOLD, a well-built RESIDENCE, standing in grounds of over 6 acres, and commanding lovely views: large entrance hall, 3 reception, billiard, 13 bed and dressing rooms, 2 bathrooms, and usual offices; well-shaded grounds, tennis and croquet lawns, paddock, etc.; soil, sandstone rock.—Box K 3,904, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, E.C.

AN HOUR OF LONDON.
£1,500 WILL PURCHASE a picturesque old-fashioned COTTAGE, standing on gravel soil, 400ft. above the sea: lounge hall, 3 reception, 5 bedrooms; could easily be enlarged; stabling for 2; nicely timbered old grounds of an acre; more land could be purchased if desired. — Particulars of H., c/o Box K 7,211, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, E.C.

ARTISTIC COTTAGE. 2 ACRES.
800FT. ABOVE THE SEA. ADJOINING GOLF COURSE.
A RETREAT FOR CITY MEN.
SURREY (1½ miles from station, 10 minutes from village, post and telegraph office).—To be SOLD or LET, an artistic COTTAGE, enjoying a high but protected position. Accommodation: pleasant hall, 2 reception, 5 bedrooms, bathroom, etc. The cottage is designed for extension; the grounds of about 2½ acres include some nice old trees, tennis lawn, etc.—Box K 4,107 THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, E.C.

QUIET COUNTRY RETREAT on the Chiltern Hills, 1 mile of station, and 45 minutes of Town. — £1,500 will PURCHASE a modern RESIDENCE, standing in 6 acres of grounds. Accommodation: large hall, 2 reception, 5 bedrooms, and usual offices; stabling for 3, and useful outbuildings. — Box K 4,135, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, E.C.

1,400 ACRES. 1½ HOURS FROM TOWN.
TO BE SOLD, a picturesque and well-wooded ESTATE on high ground and dry soil and including part of a village. The Property is in a ring fence and in a favourite district, with good sporting. The House stands in a prettily timbered park, and is approached by a long carriage drive with lodge at entrance. It contains: beautiful old oak panelled hall, 4 reception rooms, 17 bed and dressing rooms; stabling for 10. Might be Let, or possibly divided.—Box K 4,050, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, E.C.

FARM OF 170 ACRES, WITH GOOD FARMHOUSE.
HERTFORDSHIRE.—On high ground, 2 miles from station; well fenced and watered; arable and old pasture; possession Michaelmas. For SALE, Freehold. — Box K, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, E.C.

HISTORICAL OLD CHARLES II. HOUSE
30 MINUTES NORTH OF TOWN.—Furnished or Unfurnished, an interesting old Moated HOUSE, within an easy drive of two main line stations. In excellent condition, fitted with every modern convenience, including electric light. Fine old dining room lofty drawing room and library, morning room (all of large dimensions), servants' hall and housekeeper's room; finely carved old oak staircase, 9 bedrooms, and 3 mens servant's rooms.
HIGH SITUATION. PERFECT COUNTRY.
Gardens of about 8 acres, including exceptionally pretty Dutch Garden with sundial, etc. Motor garage. Modern drainage. Telephone.
HUNTING AND GOLF.
—Box HS 36, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis St., E.C.

FINEST POSITION AROUND SEVENOAKS.
Greensand Soil. Bracing Air. Charming Views.
KENT.—Perfect Residential PROPERTY, comprising a splendidly constructed House, representing the best possible workmanship and skilful planning, *well mellowed by age, beautifully placed on a hill, surrounded by fine old pleasure grounds and well-timbered meadows.* Long carriage drive.
ALL PRINCIPAL ROOMS FACE SOUTH.
Ground floor 12ft. high. Handsome lounge hall, well-proportioned reception rooms, including billiard room, 20 bed and dressing rooms, fitted bath, first-class domestic offices. Every convenience. Stabling for 6, grooms' rooms; small farmery, cottage. Inexpensive grounds, displayed with consummate skill; ornamental shaded lawns, winter and summer tennis courts, terraces, flower and kitchen gardens. *Trustees will accept low price to effect an immediate Sale of this compact Freehold.*—Box HS 37, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, E.C.

HERTS.
IN ONE OF THE PRETTIEST SPOTS.
HALF AN HOUR FROM TOWN ON MAIN LINE.—Unfurnished, or for SALE, a
WELL-BUILT RESIDENCE,
about
350FT. ABOVE SEA LEVEL,
in gardens and meadow-land of
OVER 3 ACRES.
3 reception, 6 bedrooms, dressing and bathrooms, usual offices. Good stabling for 4, cow-house, etc.
PRICE AND RENT MODERATE.
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Telephones: VICTORIA, 2560 & 2561

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Telegrams: "DECIDABLE, LONDON."

AUCTIONEER and ESTATE AGENT, 72, VICTORIA STREET, LONDON, S.W. SURVEYOR, VALUER.

WITH OR WITHOUT 1,500 ACRES OF SHOOTING.

NORFOLK (within 2 miles of a station).—To be LET, Furnished, on Lease, the above charming old MANSION, approached by a fine avenue of old oaks, and containing: oak-panelled hall, dining room, large drawing room, study, smoking room, 14 bed and dressing rooms, fitted bathroom (h. and c.); stabling accommodation for 7 horses, coach-houses, etc. The grounds, which are well timbered, include lawns for 3 tennis courts, vinery, orchard, productive kitchen garden, etc.

Rent for house and grounds, 250gns. per annum.

Apply, F. J. RONALD, 72, Victoria Street, S.W.

27½ ACRES

9 BED AND DRESSING ROOMS.

STABLING. 2 COTTAGES.

BERKS (within 1½ miles of a station).

TO BE SOLD, an old QUEEN ANNE RESIDENCE, thoroughly modernised, standing 350 yards away from the road, with lodge at entrance. The House, which is lighted throughout by electric light, and heated by hot-water radiators, contains: hall, 3 reception rooms, usual offices, 5 principal bedrooms, dressing room, bathroom (h. and c.), 2 staircases, 3 good servants' bedrooms, and large boxroom.

Electric light throughout.

Certified drainage; stabling accommodation for 8 horses, and numerous outbuildings, all lighted by electric light; the grounds extend to about

27½ ACRES;

hunting with 2 packs; 3 golf courses within reach.

PRICE, £5,250, FREEHOLD.

F. J. RONALD, 72, Victoria Street, S.W. (U 1,038)

FREEHOLD ESTATE OF ABOUT 644 ACRES.

CAMBRIDGESHIRE.—To be SOLD, a valuable FREEHOLD ESTATE, lying in a ring fence, and containing about 644 ACRES of excellent arable, pasture, and woodlands, well farmed and in a good state of cultivation, together with a capital modern Residence (as above depicted).

CONVENIENT AND WELL-ARRANGED FARM PREMISES AND HOMESTEADS, 2 FARMHOUSES WITH GARDENS, AND 2 COTTAGES. The Estate stands at a good elevation, and the premises generally are in substantial repair. Good hunting district.

Apply, F. J. RONALD, 72, Victoria Street, S.W.

NORTHUMBERLAND (within 10 minutes' walk of a station).—To be LET, the above excellent RESIDENCE, standing in grounds of about

6 ACRES.

The accommodation comprises: 2 halls, dining and drawing rooms, library, billiard room, conservatory, 9 bedrooms (exclusive of servants'), bathroom, etc.; 3-stalled stable with coach-house, loose box, hay loft, etc.; 2 cottages; ornamental gardens, and 4 acres of pasture-land.

Rent, £200 per annum.

Apply, F. J. RONALD, 72, Victoria Street, S.W

139 ACRES. 5 RECEPTION, 20 BED AND DRESSING ROOMS, FARMERY.

SOMERSET.—To be SOLD, a charming RESIDENTIAL ESTATE, 2½ miles distant from a station on G.W.R. The Mansion faces South, stands 350ft. above the sea, in park-like fields, well timbered, and approached by a drive, with a newly-built lodge entrance. The House contains: inner hall, dining room, morning room, billiard room, library, drawing room, 20 bed and dressing rooms, handsome staircase; excellent water supply and modern drainage; the stabling accommodates 9 horses, long range of coach-houses, etc. The gardens have been exceptionally well kept up, and there are 4 large model cottages. The House, stables, gardens, and pleasure grounds occupy some 10 acres; about 7 acres of plantation and 16½ acres of meadow-land in hand, with a small model farmery. The farm contains 104 acres, and has a good farmhouse and ample buildings away from the Mansion. The whole contains 139½ acres in a ring fence, with common rights over an adjacent common. Situated in a beautiful and picturesque country. The House is lighted throughout by gas and heated by hot-water coils and pipes.

PRICE, £15,000.

F. J. RONALD, 72, Victoria Street, S.W. (U 1,314)

TO BE LET. FURNISHED.

THIS BEAUTIFUL OLD HISTORICAL TUDOR MANSION is now available, Furnished. It stands in a grandly timbered park in a favourite part of Surrey, and contains: banqueting hall with musicians' gallery, 5 reception rooms, billiard room, some 25 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom; stabling accommodation for 10 horses, coach-house, garage for 3 cars; 2 cottages, 3 lodges, etc

F. J. RONALD, 72, Victoria Street, S.W. (S 662)

FACING A SURREY COMMON.

£220 PER ANNUM IS REQUIRED for a charming old-fashioned HOUSE, close to Town, with excellent train service, and within easy reach of first-class golf links. The situation is open, and the outlook delightful. The House contains every convenience, and includes large hall, dining room, drawing room, study, 7 bed and dressing rooms, and 3 nurseries; stabling for 3 horses, coach-house, and living rooms over; pretty garden with conservatory; gravel soil; Company's water; electric light; certified drainage.

F. J. RONALD, 72, Victoria Street, S.W. (U 1,317)

WITH A MAGNIFICENT AND GLORIOUS PANORAMA.

800 FT. UP (in a district renowned for its health-giving properties, within 75 minutes of Town, and close to a famous golf course).—For SALE, the above most substantially built and conveniently arranged RESIDENCE, containing: fine large oak-panelled hall, most attractive dining room, pretty drawing room, library, morning room, handsome billiard room communicating with conservatory, some 15 bed and dressing rooms, 2 bathrooms, excellent servants' quarters; main drainage; Company's water; acetylene gas; well-arranged stabling for 6 horses, large coach-house; farmhouse and 2 cottages; beautifully planted grounds of 21 acres, including Dutch garden, rockery walk, rosery, tennis and croquet lawns. Price on application. Inspected and strongly recommended.

Apply, F. J. RONALD, 72, Victoria Street. S.W (U 1,316)

WITHIN 1 HOUR OF TOWN, WITH 30 ACRES. OR LESS.

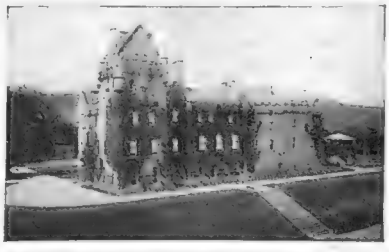
ON LONDON AND SOUTH WESTERN RAILWAY.

FOR IMMEDIATE SALE, an attractive FREEHOLD RESIDENTIAL PROPERTY, comprising this very charming Residence, in perfect order, together with undulating and parklike grounds of about 30 acres (or less if desired).

The House, which occupies a secluded position, is approached by a drive, and contains: 4 fine reception rooms, 11 bed and dressing rooms, 2 bathrooms, and usual domestic offices; new drainage; Company's gas and water; stabling for 3 horses, double coach-house, etc.; 3 cottages; lovely old grounds, inexpensive to maintain and well timbered.

Apply, F. J. RONALD, 72, Victoria Street. S.W. (U 1,321)

22,000 ACRES SHOOTING AND GOOD FISHINGS.



THIS GRAND OLD SCOTCH BARONIAL HALL, near the Kyles of Bute, to be LET, Furnished, with shootings extending to about 22,000 acres of moor and hill ground, with some arable land, and well supplied with woods and sheltered corries, forming a compact deer forest and grouse moor. The Castle occupies a magnificent position, commanding unrivalled views, and contains some 6 public rooms, picture gallery, 24 bed and dressing rooms, ample service quarters, extensive cellarage; excellent stabling accommodation, and 2 cottages; electric light and telephone installation.

GAME BAG.

1906.—Grouse, 1,716; black game, 47; pheasants, 107; partridges, 30; woodcock, 106; snipe, 111; pigeon, 7; wildfowl, 1; hares, 12; rabbits, 3,489; various, 13. Total (not including fish), 5,693.

1907.—Grouse, 1,164; black game, 20; pheasants, 50; partridges, 12; woodcock, 467; plover, 12; snipe, 143; pigeon, 9; hares, 12; rabbits, 4,466; various, 3. Total (not including fish), 6,358.

1908.—Grouse, 766; black game, 55; pheasants, 56; partridges, 12; woodcock, 343; plover, 3; snipe, 86; pigeon, 6; wildfowl, 4; hares. 11; rabbits, 3,019. Total (not including fish), 4,361.

Apply, F. J. RONALD, 72, Victoria Street, S.W.

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PURE COFFEE

THIS pure fragrant Coffee comes direct from the sunny fazendas (or plantations) of San Paulo, which State produces nearly three-fourths of the whole world's Coffee supply. There are good reasons for drinking pure Coffee in our changeful, trying climate. Pure Coffee is actually an invigorating and sustaining beverage—in fact, a valuable restorative in a delicious form. It is inexpensive and simply made. But the Coffee must be absolutely pure. To ensure this always ask for

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The Coffee with a Government Guarantee

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Ground or Whole Berry.

In hermetically sealed tins, which preserve the freshness and aroma.

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A complete milk and farinaceous food, easy of digestion, most agreeable to take, simply and quickly made.

This DIET is recommended for general use in place of ordinary milk foods, gruel, etc., and is particularly adapted to the needs of Dyspeptics, Invalids, and the Aged. Being largely predigested it is easy of assimilation. A cup of the "Allenburys" DIET is useful in the forenoon between meals.

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For those who cannot readily digest milk the "Allenburys" DIET is a welcome substitute, as it does not cause indigestion and flatulence.

The "Allenburys" DIET is a food for ADULTS, and is quite distinct from the well-known

"Allenburys" Foods for Infants.

In Tins at 1/6 and 3/- each of Chemists, &c.

A large sample posted on receipt of 3 penny stamps.

Allen & Hanburys Ltd., Lombard Street, London.

"Beautifully Cool and Sweet Smoking."

Player's Navy Cut Tobacco and Cigarettes

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SWEET PEAS.

2,400 Seeds, 4/6.

For this modest sum we will send 200 seeds of each of the following 12 varieties, or 100 seeds of each for 2/9. These varieties have been carefully selected and are the 12 largest, most distinct, and best representative of each shade of colour.

NORA UNWIN	COUNTESS SPENCER
MRS. COLLIER	FRANK DOLBY
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HELEN LEWIS	HELEN PIERCE
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For full description write for illustrated list containing trial ground reports of all seeds, post free on application.

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IF SO, our unfailing Garden Helps, "Climax" Lawn Sand, "Climax" Weed-Killer, "Alphol," Insecticides, Manures, and other specialities, will be invaluable to you and materially assist you in getting the best results.

EVERY GARDENING ENQUIRY WELCOMED.

A Postcard sent to-day, MENTIONING THIS PAPER, will bring you a copy of "Reliable Garden Helps," and a sample of either "Climax" Lawn Sand or "Alphol."

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DISINFECTING FLUID

is world-renowned, and no household can safely be without it. "SANITAS FLUID" earns its cost hundreds of times, by preventing disease and keeping everything pure.

1/- PINT BOTTLES and 5/- GALLON.

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ALL KINDS OF DISINFECTANTS FOR ALL PURPOSES.

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BOSTON GARTER

LOOK FOR THE PATENT RUBBER BUTTON

WILL NOT TEAR THE SOCKS.
THE ACME OF COMFORT.
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Cotton, plain or check, 1/- pair.
Silk, plain elastic, 2/- pair.
By post, 1d. extra.

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Of all Chemists and Drug Stores.

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FROCKS·FRILLS & FURBELOWS

By MRS. JACK MAY

"*Death of the Directoire!*" caught all feminine eyes, and not a few of those of the other sex, the other morning on a news board. It was a daring prophecy, scarcely borne out by fact, nor likely to be for a short while at least. However, I hope, for my self-satisfaction, it will be recalled how, in these columns, and really in the face of opposition, I have been steadily hammering nails in what will ultimately and honestly, I believe, be its coffin. Meanwhile, it still flourishes.

That there is something serious pending, however, is unmistakable. And the air of mystery is as pronounced in Paris as it is over here. It was my intention to be over in the Gay City when these words appeared in print, but, acting on advice from one who knows, I am postponing my visit until something more definite has developed. Myself, I think the whole root of the trouble lies in an unspoken but nevertheless ardent desire of the majority of women for a normal waistline.

A Tailor-Made that Offends Nobody's Taste

There is no disputing the elegance of the long, semi-fitting coat, whether built *ensuite* with a skirt or in one of the delicate neutral tints, with some *voyant* touch of colour introduced in the high roll-over collar. The collar of a coat—the latter effected in that pinkish, deep ivory tint reminiscent of the inside of a *champignon*—was composed of bright emerald-green satin, the edges hemmed round with a narrow fold of black satin, while bands of coarse-ribbed gold braid occurred at intervals. The collar itself was of the ultra picturesque order, and could be worn, when desired, quite back on the shoulders.

An Original Design for a Simple, yet Effective, Tailor-Made
This costume might be effected in Delft blue-face cloth, with large buttons of silk braid in tone, a touch of contrast being found in a black satin lining to the collar
(Drawn by Dorothy Millar)

On the other hand, there is a single upright affair, more after the Medicis, that is eminently pleasing. And this it is that Mrs. Dorothy Millar has selected in connection with her original design of a simple spring costume.

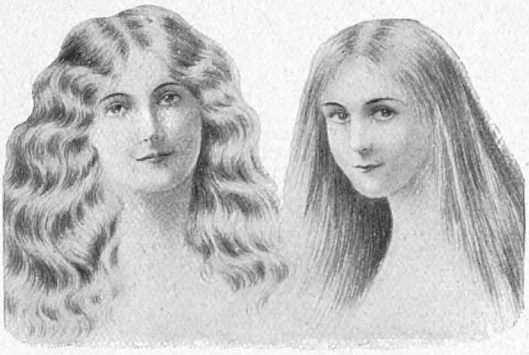
I should like, for my own part, to see this suit effected in Delft blue-face cloth, with great "blobby" buttons of silk braid in tone, the sole touch of contrast being found in a black satin lining to the collar.

The blouse that completes the costume, when the coat is doffed, is of tucked *crêpe de Chine*, ornamented with strappings of cloth, cut *décolleté* below a draped *guimpe* of ivory net. The *chapeau* would be harmoniously carried out in grey-strained ottoman and grey plumes, lined parma mauve satin. *En passant*, let me say that the hat *ensuite* with the gown evinces, nowadays, a terrible lack of enterprise.

The Cyclax Company, 58, South Molton Street

After lengthy negotiations the Cyclax Company have concluded an arrangement whereby the exceedingly talented and original founder of these remedies, who is a specialist of world-wide renown, will supervise treatments in connection with the Company. There is an old Lancashire saying that "all folk are queer, but the queerest of folk are women." And although, on broad lines, I am a staunch upholder of my sex and their rapidly growing abilities, I really am at a loss to understand why so few, comparatively speaking, consistently follow up a reliable face treatment once they have personally tested its efficacy. And I defy anyone who has ever tried the Cyclax things to state a case that

NESTLE WAVE.



The Lankiest and Straightest Hair made NATURALLY WAVY.

A Scientific Discovery in Hair Waving of the most permanent character. Impervious to any Hair Lotion, Sea Water, residence in hot climates; the Nestle Wave always remains. Hair Curlers or Wavers, whether hard or soft, are bound to ruin your hair. A written guarantee given that Nestle waved hair will grow ½in. per month. Over 1,500 heads Nestle waved. Time of doing a head has been reduced to two hours. Fee, **£5 - 5 - 0**. Children's Hair at special quotations.

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A HOME OUTFIT. Nestle's permanent Hair-Waving Outfit has now been adapted for home use, price **One Guinea.** Postage abroad, **2s.** extra. The cheapest and best family waver. Full particulars sent on receipt of postcard. Hundreds of testimonials.

Write for Illustrated Booklet to—

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A PUFF

is needed for Vinolia Powder — not to sing its praises, but to administer its virtues. It soothes the skin—allays irritation. It is good in every sense of the word.

VINOLIA

Vinolia Powder, 1*s.*; Vinolia Cream, 1*s.* 1½*d.*
Vinolia Violet Powder, 3*d.*, 6*d.*, & 9*d.*

VO 8.

The hand that washes Baby rules his health; put a cake of Wright's Coal Tar Soap into that hand.

4d. per Tablet.

THE Nursery Soap.

has not proved completely satisfactory. The worst offenders are the women who can afford to make trials and mistakes. But, one and all, they come humbly back to the skilled specialist who is responsible for the admirable Cyclax remedies.

The proposed developments, however, more affect the women of average incomes, who, having once been put upon the straight path of presenting an unblemished skin to the world, and a face free of disfiguring lines and defects, will, on the rigid law of economy alone, be tempted to keep up the daily *régime*.

Now, the proposed treatments, additionally to instructing the dull intelligence in the correct using of the various emollients, lotions, and skin foods, are necessarily brimful of sound advice as to the necessary rightful daily ablutions, the assistants who will undertake these cases having all been through a six months' scientific training ere they were permitted to take a client at all. Moreover, as has been said, they will be under the personal supervision of the great head herself.

The fact is worth recording that these remedies have been in use for over twenty years — truly a long enough test — and they have absolutely nothing in common with any others in existence. The facial treatment is exclusively concerned with the moulding of muscles and feeding up of deteriorated tissues. There is no tampering with bones, or skin peeling, or anything of that sort. But, on the other hand, the most virulent cases of acne are attacked with the most undeviating success, and a fortnight suffices for a dull, sallow, uninteresting complexion, one probably disfigured, furthermore, by blackheads, to emerge into a clear, health-blooming skin, brilliant with the soft seductions of childhood. And the reason is, oh ! so simple. The cause of clogged pores has been completely removed.

I have written, I am afraid, at some unwarrantable length. But I am sincerely anxious to drive home the real value of the Cyclax treatment and remedies.

A Smart Shirt Blouse
In satin, trimmed with embroidered buttons, with a lawn collar and silk cravat at the throat
(Drawn by Dorothy Millar)

A Smart Shirt Blouse

This is quite a dainty little model for satin, either soft Liberty or a washing wool-back quality. It is trimmed with embroidered buttons, and at the throat there is introduced a small turn-over collar of filmy embroidered lawn, which is completed by a knotted silk cravat. The smart shirt must, of necessity, continue to be the selected complement of the simple spring tailor suit.

THE MENU

HINTS CONCERNING THE MAKING OF CURRIES

A really good curry is better made with fresh meat, but capital results can be obtained from cold meat, poultry, or game. Take fresh steak or mutton, rabbit or game, and cut into small dice. Fry one or two small onions, minced finely, in two tablespoonfuls of butter, till a light golden brown. Dust with flour, add the meat, and fry to a good golden brown. Take a spoonful of curry paste and mix smoothly in a cup with gravy or stock. Place the fried meat in a saucepan with a pinch of salt, a tablespoonful of grated cocoanut, two tablespoonfuls of cocoanut milk, one tablespoonful of mango or other chutney, a squeeze of lemon-juice, and a good slice of butter. This last is an indispensable ingredient. A slice or two of apple may also be added. Cover all this with gravy, place the lid firmly on, and draw the saucepan to the side of the fire, and leave it to simmer for at least two and a half hours. Stir frequently with a wooden spoon. When ready for serving, the compound should be of a rich dark brown ; there should be no floating gravy, but merely a rich moisture. Rice may be served on the same dish, but let the curry be ever so delicious, badly cooked or sodden rice will spoil it. Each grain should be separate, well swollen, and white as snow. Patna rice is the best. Have ready a large saucepan of boiling water, throw in the rice, and boil fast for *exactly* fifteen minutes. Drain the rice, shake in a sieve in front of the fire, and serve with the curry.

Dry Curry

Put four tablespoonfuls of butter into a sauté-pan, with three onions finely sliced. Turn till a deep golden colour, add a tablespoonful of scraped cocoanut and a squeeze of lemon, a little finely chopped apple, a pinch of salt, two tablespoonfuls of curry powder or paste, one tablespoonful of chutney, and a piece of butter ; stir all this in the pan till a deep brown. Put in the prawns or lobster (or other fish or meat), stir constantly with a wooden spoon. If necessary, add more butter, and do not allow the mixture to burn. Stir in a little more lemon-juice just before serving on a very hot dish, and hand rice separately. If care be taken, this dry curry should be a very successful dish.

Curry Sauce

Chop an onion and a few slices of apple finely, and fry them in 2oz. of butter. Stir in half a dessertspoonful of curry powder and the same of flour. Salt to taste. Add a quarter of a pint of stock or milk, cook gently for thirty minutes, then put all through a sieve, add a few drops of lemon-juice and reheat.

Curried Cabbage (a Vegetarian Dish)

Remove all the outer leaves from a young cabbage, and boil it until it is half cooked. Drain it, and chop it finely, place it in a pan with some curry sauce, and simmer it gently for one hour. Serve in a border of boiled rice.

Emilia.

MOLASSINE DOG CAKES

are suitable for

ALL KINDS OF DOGS

from the huge St. Bernard to the Toy Terrier.

They keep dogs in perfect health, with fine coats, a clean skin, and free from worms.

Absolutely different from all other Cakes.

MOLASSINE MEAL, *the* Food for Horses, Cattle, Sheep, Pigs, and Poultry.

If your Grocer or Corn Merchant does not stock them, write to

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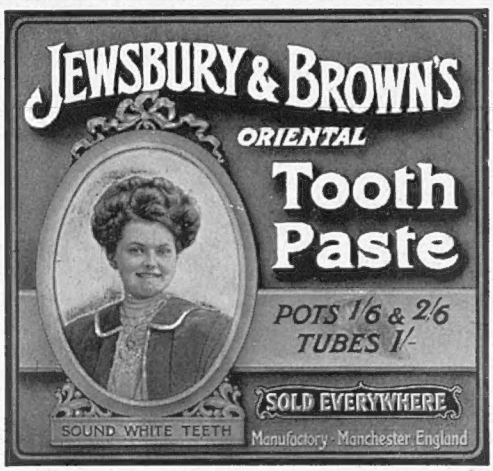

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TAILOR SUITS (to order), cut, fitted, and made on the premises by our own highly-skilled tailors in 6 new shapes. Fashionable materials.

All at 6½ Guineas.

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KID & SUEDE GLOVES
1/11, 2/6, 3/6 per pair.

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The Fleur de Lune Series of Mrs. Seymour, 169, Piccadilly, W.
Under Royal Patronage.

Perfume ...	7/6
Bath Crystals	7/6
Soap	7/6
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Or post free	28/-

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affords gentlemen an opportunity of replenishing their wardrobes at a very small outlay.

Burberry Cabardine Slip-ons
Weatherproof, Air-free, Lightweight.

Copper Beech shade only. Sizes: 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 ins. Chest; Length, 46 and 48 ins. Usual Price £3-3-0. SALE PRICE 45/-. Complete list of Garments for Ladies and Gents on application

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Instant Relief in Asthma, Bronchitis, Croup, & Whooping Cough by the use of **Potter's Asthma Cure**, in 1/- Tins. Sold everywhere. For FREE SAMPLE send postcard to **POTTER & CLARKE, Ltd.**, Artillery Lane, London, E. *Mention this paper.*

INSTANT RELIEF.

FOR YOUR HAIR

Rowland's Macassar Oil

Cannot be equalled for your own and your children's Hair. It closely resembles the natural oil in the Hair, without which it becomes dry, thin, and withered. *Sold in a Golden Colour for Fair Hair.*

Sizes—
3/6 : 7/- : 10/6

It will make it more beautiful, more lustrous, softer, and promote the growth of Fine Silky Hair.

Of Stores, Chemists, and
A. ROWLAND & SONS,
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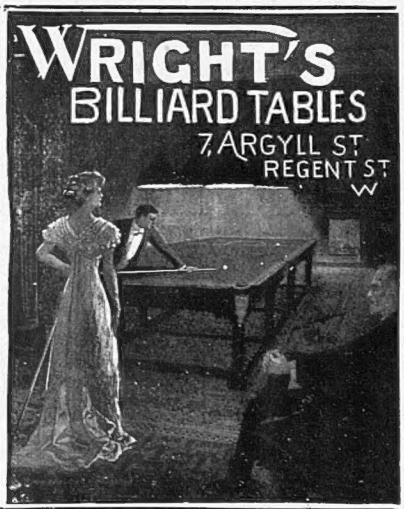
MILES' BACON

is a well-known food all over the British Isles. It is supplied to more than 800 titled families regularly. It will keep perfectly sweet for two months or longer, and a side of 44lbs. is sent rail paid, **Smoked** at **7d.** per lb., **Unsmoked** at **6½d.** per lb. We are the largest and cheapest sellers of BACON in England to-day and can please you.

Customers are invited to call and inspect our up-to-date factory.

EDWARD MILES,
Broadmead Bacon Factory, BRISTOL.



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Goddard's Plate Powder

Sold everywhere 6d 1/ 2/6 & 4/6.

The Editor's Box

The Emigration Problem

All students of the unemployment and emigration problems should make a point of reading "The Surplus," a hundred-page pamphlet published by the Salvation Army as an apologia of their emigration policy. This is concisely and straightforwardly put forth, and should do much to convince the waverer of the soundness of General Booth's methods, looked at from the broadest point of view, for it would be a too perfect scheme indeed which did not lay itself open to some criticisms. One of the most interesting features, however, is the inclusion of letters from such diverse personalities as the Duke of Argyll, Mr. Rudyard Kipling, the Rev. J. Campbell Morgan, Mr. Harold Begbie. and Mr. Bernard Shaw. Both G. B. S, and Mr. Campbell Morgan are opposed to emigration on principle, as being a mere palliative to the evils of our social system, but till this itself can be altered they are broad-minded enough to commend the efforts being made by the Salvation Army. All interested may obtain a copy of this booklet on applying to Colonel Lamb, Emigration Offices, 122, Queen Victoria Street, E.C.

The Ideal Pen

It would be difficult to find a more acceptable gift than Waterman's Ideal Fountain Pen. The possession of a fountain pen always gives great pleasure, and, as Mr. S. R. Crockett wrote, "To give away a Waterman's Ideal is to make a friend for life." These pens are made in styles to suit every requirement, and at varying prices from half a guinea, with nibs to suit every purpose. The manufacture of Waterman's Ideal has long since been brought to the point of absolute mechanical perfection. As a gift, it pleases the recipient. As a pen, it will not cause inconvenience and trouble in use (the bane of so many fountain pens), but remains a faithful and valued friend for years. Waterman's Ideal can be had from stationers and jewellers throughout the kingdom. Those mounted in silver, gold, etc., are particularly valuable for presentation purposes. Two varieties of their Standard Pen recently placed upon the market are well worthy of separate mention, viz., the Waterman's Ideal Pump-Filling Pen, which is an improvement on all existing self-filling pens, and also the Waterman's Ideal Safety Pen. which can be carried in any position, hence is particularly useful for travellers, sportsmen, and ladies. A booklet, showing the varying styles, will gladly be sent free to any of our readers applying for same to Messrs. L. and C. Hardtmuth, 12, Golden Lane, London, E.C.

Rudge-Whitwor h, Ltd.

Dividend warrants in payment of the half-yearly dividend on the 6 per cent. preference shares for the half year ended January 31, 1909, were posted to the preference shareholders of this Company on January 30.

Which is the Best Carriage Tyre?

The heavy vibration on the old iron-shod tyre is a drawback which no up-to-date proprietor of vehicles would tolerate to-day. The rubber-shod wheel is the vogue for many reasons, the chief being the saving in wear and tear in the vehicle and the extra comfort possible to all who travel on the road on rubber-tyred wheels. The only question owners of vehicles have to consider is—which rubber tyre is best? Experience has taught most owners that the best is the Connolly Tyre, which looks smarter on the wheel, is never displaced by contact with the road, and wears well under the heaviest "going" conditions. Most carriage builders will tell you this is so.

Concerning Puttees

All country dwellers and sportsmen have by this time realised the superiority of puttees over the old-fashioned gaiter, but to appreciate the invention at its best, wearers should be sure that the makers are Fox Brothers and Co., of Wellington, Somerset, who are the patentees of the "Spiral" puttees. These will fit any leg, are a most useful support, are made entirely of wool, and are excellent for sufferers from rheumatism and varicose veins, and are, withal, inexpensive. A useful improvement, also, is the introduction of the detachable spat, enabling either spat or puttee to be worn separately. Those who have not tried these should apply to the makers for a catalogue and patterns.

A New Ruler

We have received a new patent ruler, which is a very great improvement on the old round style. Its chief advantage is in the form of octagonally shaped pieces of wood about an inch in length at each end. This has the effect of keeping the ruler in its place on the desk, and from rolling about, and also renders it possible to rule lines an equal distance apart, according to the sides of the octagon. It is surprising that such a simple, yet effective, design has not been placed on the market before. and Messrs. Harrison, of Surrey Street, Strand, who are the manufacturers of this long-required novelty, should expect a huge demand. Prices 12in. size, 1*s.*; 15in. size, 1*s.* 3*d.*

A Year Book of Year Books

Those who never quite know how to use books of reference should be interested to learn of the announcement by Sir Isaac Pitman and Sons, Ltd. of the immediate publication of a second revised and enlarged edition of "Where to Look," an easy guide to books of reference. The success of the first edition is taken as amply demonstrating the necessity for such a work, and in consequence of the quick demand for a second edition the publishers have taken the opportunity of thoroughly revising and enlarging it.

"Hungary of To-day"

The photograph of the Houses of Parliament, reproduced from "Hungary of To-day" (Eveleigh Nash: 7*s.* 6*d.* net) in our last issue, was by Divald.

"PLASMON is the BEST part of Nature's BEST food—MILK, and increases the food value enormously." —*Lancet.*

DELICIOUS PLASMON COCOA

TENFOLD NUTRIMENT, in Tins, 9d., 1/4 and 2/6.

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TABLE CLOTHS	2 by 2½ yds.	each	9/11
LINEN SHEETS	2 by 3 yds.	pair	15/4
LINEN TOWELS	20 by 40 ins.	doz.	12/-
Linen Handkerchiefs	Ladies'	doz.	4/11
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